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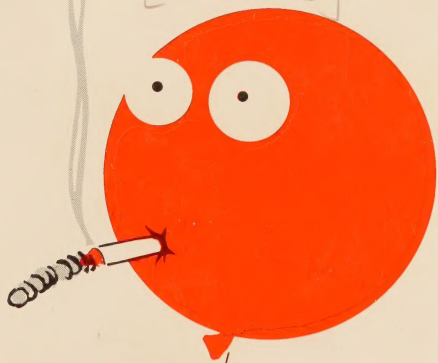
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How we quit smoking

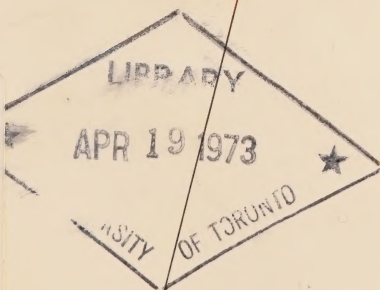


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How we quit smoking

*78 ex-smokers
show what worked
for them*

Smoking and Health Program
Department of National Health and Welfare

Published by Authority of
The Honourable Marc Lalonde
Minister of National Health and Welfare

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Introduction

This book is authentic, a record of what has worked and is still working. Written by non-professionals, these stories speak for themselves.

The varied experiences of seventy-eight contributors give this book its form and organization. This is first-hand information — recorded without coaching by men and women who “beat” the habit.

For each contribution that appears here, two were reluctantly eliminated because limited space and elements of duplication made it necessary. Of those that were deleted, none lacked some message or an element of human interest.

The Department of National Health and Welfare presents these volunteers on their own merits, conscious that each smoker must choose his own path and that each of these contributors chose the one that met his need. All these accounts may not appeal to the reader, but here and there throughout the book, are ideas, attitudes and insights that will strengthen the hand of any man or woman who wants to stop.

Acknowledgement

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Motivation



1. *Stumped for an answer*

For some smokers, rejection of the habit requires no more than a brisk recognition of its undesirability. As the shortest contribution to this book, *W. M. Prentice of Toronto* said, "I quit cigarettes and smoking—because I was stumped for an answer to the Medical Examiner's question, 'Why do you smoke?' I had absolutely no logical defence for my action."

2. *What kind of a man?*

Finding the necessary inner conviction was more difficult for *Anthony E. Jones, a Toronto machinist*. He said, "Why can't I do the right thing, what kind of man am I? Then the answer came—you are a man without will power. I didn't feel suddenly free of the smoking grip. I had another cigarette or two. But I didn't enjoy them. I felt guilty that I was cheating my health and all that was good for my life. So I decided to build up my will power and made the decision to quit and I did it. Now I have not smoked for eighteen months".

3. *Some kind of a gimmick*

In all these accounts, motive is basic but its range is wide:

J. M. Knowles, Ottawa, Ontario, said "I had just been posted to our Embassy in Rome, and accordingly had the opportunity to study singing, which I had wanted to do for a long time. A brief search turned up a highly-recommended voice teacher who, however, was reluctant to accept me as a student if I continued to smoke. At about the same time, the first publicity was being given to British experiments which had, apparently conclusively, linked lung cancer to the cigarette. These two circumstances, taken together, supplied me with the motivation I needed. But I also had to have some kind of gimmick to overcome the psychological conviction, derived in part from earlier failure, that I couldn't quit and make it last.

This gimmick is simple;

- (i) You quit *completely*—no more cutting down
- (ii) You tell yourself constantly, with conviction, that you will *never* smoke again.
- (iii) *Every day you manage to pass without smoking will be only half as difficult as the day before, and at the end of two months all craving for tobacco will completely disappear.*

4. *The end of the hat*

Ten years ago my husband decided he did not like my new hat. So I did not wear it and it sat on a candlestick for days.

One evening we were going out to a party and I decided to wear the hat. When we came home my better half said, "I was disgusted watching you smoke one cigarette after another. And besides, I don't like that hat".

I said "O.K., I don't have to wear that hat and I don't have to smoke another cigarette". So that was the end of the hat and the end of smoking.

*Mrs. C. Dunlop,
Ottawa,
Ontario.*

5. *Born of circumstances*

My determination to stop smoking was born of circumstances, not choice. Although I had an ulcer that acted up at intervals, I continued puffing cigarettes. The habit was overcome last July, though, while I was waiting to go from my hospital room to the table for a biopsy on my throat.

By good grace the doctor discovered I had leukoplakia (a non-malignant disease) not cancer. When he was giving me my discharge from hospital he said, "if you lay off smoking the mucous membrane should regain its former good state", I replied, "I packed it up before you did the biopsy".

*Victoria,
British Columbia.*



6. *Keep temptation away*

I suffer from hay fever every fall but until I was 29 I smoked a pack and a half, even during hay fever time, despite its constantly irritating my respiratory passages. Then my girl friend (later my wife) had a physical check-up for a chronic bronchial condition and her doctor advised her to give up cigarettes. I told her that to help her and keep temptation away I would also quit. I was beginning to take stock of things, anyway, and was convinced I wasn't really enjoying smoking after the first one each day.

*W. R. Livingston,
London,
Ontario.*

7. *Pleasure and "pleasure"*

A neighbour nearby had lung cancer, well advanced. As I was trying to make up my mind to quit smoking, I got the flu and a chest cold to keep it company. I had no taste for anything, least of all smoking. It was rotten and it made it easier for me to remember why I wanted to quit smoking in the first place, namely lung cancer. While I was in that state of mind the question seemed to come back to me, "Is your smoking pleasure worth twenty years of your life?" I decided no, not really.

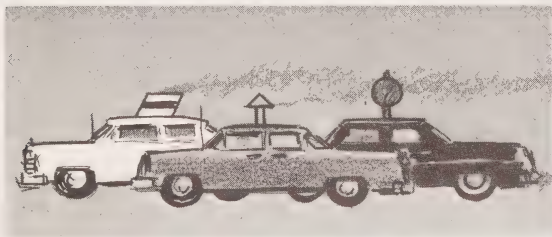
*F. F. Laronde,
Ladder Lake,
Ontario.*

8. *Hacking — like a TB ward*

I smoked since I was nine but quit 15 years ago. At the time I was a longshoreman in Vancouver, smoking two "decks" a day. I was staying with some of the gang in a hotel and one morning, after a sleepless, nervous night, I heard the alarm go at 6:30 and the rest of the gang hacking over their early morning cigarettes. Just like a TB ward. I walked to the mirror, coughing sixty

to the minute and took a hard look at my weed-addicted frame. Then I decided to quit wishing, called myself a hard name and willed myself to quit smoking for good. It took about ten days. I just chewed some candy and after that there was no more craving for the weed. I went to all the usual dances, bowling and club activities and now, at 66, I feel like a million.

*Thomas L. Williams,
Windsor,
Ontario.*



9. *Playing with fire*

I realized that at least once, smoking had caused me to have a car accident. The burning end of my cigarette fell off, and in my desperate struggle to avoid having my best suit burned, I ran into the rear of a car stopped for a traffic light. Its passenger was a woman on her way to the doctor's office for her last pre-natal checkup.

I also knew I had burned small holes in several shirts and suits with sparks and damaged the upholstery of two cars with butts, thrown out the driver's window in warm weather, which had blown into the back window unnoticed.

*Al. G. Sharp,
Binbrook,
Ontario.*

10. *Go ahead. They're your lungs*

I'm still active as a stationary engineer but a dose of mustard gas I got in the First War wasn't helped by the heavy smoking I did up to a year ago.

Two things changed that and helped me quit. One was a colored picture of two pairs of lungs, one taken from a man who had never smoked, one from a heavy smoker. The other was a conversation when my wife and I were having dinner with the minister of our church. While we were waiting for dessert I asked if anyone had objection to my having a cigarette.

"Go ahead", said the minister, "They're your lungs".

I smoked my cigarette half way down and then those pictures seemed to hit me. I decided then and there to stop smoking.

*George E. Davies,
Ottawa,
Ontario.*

11. *The parting gift*

At 3 a.m., March 10, 1967, I was wakened by a sharp pain in my chest. It increased; I lit a cigarette and it became worse. I walked the floor, gasping for breath, moaning and groaning with this terrible pain. About thirty minutes later, it went away. I went back to bed, only to be re-awakened by the same pain. Again, I lit a cigarette and the pain increased. This time, it wouldn't go away. My wife phoned the doctor.

My doctor questioned me about the pain. "Describe it", he said. I replied; "It's a killer!" He went to the phone, called an ambulance and then the hospital and told them he had a patient with an acute coronary and to place him in the intensive care unit.

When the ambulance arrived, the attendants wheeled the stretcher in the house as far as the bedroom door. They wanted to lift me from the bed to the stretcher and I said; "I'll walk, I feel just fine" and I fell

flat on my face. After I was wrapped up on the stretcher, my wife kissed me goodbye and said; "*Here are your cigarettes and lighter*". That is exactly when I quit smoking!

*Andrew R. Tilson,
Mississauga,
Ontario.*

12. *Smell sweet spring*

For 21 years I had a cigarette in my mouth from early morning until bedtime. My health became such that I took a course on "How to quit smoking" offered by the Seventh Day Adventists. I cut down a bit, because I was scared about cancer and other diseases caused by smoking. But soon I was back stronger than ever.

Two years ago, though, I found the answer. I went for a walk on a beautiful May day in one of our parks. I have always enjoyed nature. Suddenly, it hit me that I could smell the spring, that sweet, fresh aroma of the awakening earth.

I went home and on a piece of paper I figured out how many dollars I had spent in smoking. It mounted into many thousands. The Adventists had told us to drink water. I remembered this. I also prayed.

After that, everytime I had the urge to smoke (sometimes a mad desire) I would think of smelling the Spring again.

I would take a drink of water, and ask for strength from God.

*Dale Leonard Bergey,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

13. *Mutual silent consent*

My husband developed bronchitis, with severe chest pains. After a few days on medical treatment he asked me what usually caused this complaint. Being a



nurse, I replied, "Any irritation to the lungs—chiefly smoking".

Although we had both been smokers for 25 years, no more of the weed was purchased after that day in December. This was by mutual, silent consent. The wheezing chest and shortness of breath on exertion have disappeared.

*Mrs. Margaret Syring,
Lac Du Bonnet,
Manitoba.*

14. *The benefits come quickly*

To tell the truth, I didn't intend to quit smoking. I only wanted to put the brakes on a habit that was burning holes in my cash and my health. But I ended up going the whole way and I'm glad of it.

Seven coughless years ago a friend in disguise (whose idea of quitting smoking was to quit buying) borrowed my last cigarette. My response to the loss of that cigarette was internal panic — so severe that I told myself it was never going to happen again.

The decision was easier than the doing. I tried antinicotine tablets and they made me sick. At last, I just fell back on my native stubbornness. It helped to play off against the craving, all the nastier aspects of smoking; the foul taste and brown-coated tongue with which I awoke in the morning, the self-created smog in which I worked all day, the filthy, vile-smelling ashtray and its soggy butts that littered the landscape wherever I went, the stained teeth and fingers, my almost-lost senses of taste and smell, the risk of burning holes in clothing, upholstery and rugs—and the cost of up to two cartons of cigarettes a week.

Strangely, it also helped that my non-smoking family failed to notice for nearly three days that I had quit. I had to tell them, and that built my ego no end.

What motivated me to quit smoking? I'm not exactly sure. When the medical evidence began to pile up

against cigarettes a few years ago, it wasn't enough to make me quit. Nor the people I had known who died horrid deaths from cancer of the throat or lungs. But all these things added their weight to the final decision.

The benefits come quickly. The annoying, noisy, chronic cough of 30 years' standing at once disappeared, never to return. As the days passed, there were other encouraging signs. My circulation improved—I was no longer plagued with leg cramps at night. My annual bout of pneumonitis, or "virus pneumonia" did not appear. My taste and smell improved.

And I put on weight. I licked this new problem by going on a diet.

This is a letter of thanks to the chap who borrowed my last cigarette back in April, 1962. For all I know, he may be still tapering off on his friend's cigarettes. Whatever success he may have had, he at least convinced me of one thing;

If you want to quit — quit cold.

*H. M. Coulter,
Ottawa,
Ontario.*

Method

Systems for quitting smoking such as the “five-day plan” of the Seventh Day Adventists have worked for many. Withdrawal clinics have approached the problem methodically. Books such as “How To Stop Smoking” by Herbert Brean have played a useful role. Several hundred letters received by the *Toronto Telegram* after it serialized the Brean system early in 1969, record considerable triumph and tribute.

Occasionally these accounts reflect one of these or similar plans. In most of them, however, individual men and women have thought about their own situations and drawn up their own battle plans.

15. *Counterattack the habit!!*

As a physical education teacher I knew the facts about smoking. I'd seen the films, given the spiel about cancer and other diseases, and hoped I had impressed upon a few young minds the wisdom of abstinence. Yet someone invariably asked, "Do *you* smoke, sir? Why???"

I had my replies; "I have too many pressures—work, social, personal. My social commitments are too demanding. My friends smoke. I have too much nerves energy. My work is so tense and frustrating I must have something else to do". At no time did I ever say that I enjoyed smoking. In fact, quite often I stated my distaste for the habit and how much I would like to quit.

Every so often, when my disgust with myself had reached a peak, I determined to stop. Yet understanding why I smoked and why I should stop didn't bring any permanent change.

In May 1968, however, I began a successful break. Friday was zero hour. I went to bed early, slept late Saturday morning, stayed in and napped most of the day, repeated it on Sunday. I realized that the less contact I had with others, the better.

During the following week I kept busy, avoiding coffee breaks with friends, dodging others who smoked or keeping out of situations in which one sat and talked just to be polite. I substituted lots of mobility, doing things with my hands and feet—a variety of exercises that can be carried out either sitting or moving. When things got really bad I inhaled a pencil. I needed a second weekend as a recluse and continued to avoid social commitments.

After this period the initial, critical physical dependency was beaten. My body was free of the craving. The really difficult part, however, the psychological dependency, remained.

Here I was helped by the awareness that I would always want a cigarette in a social situation if I became anxious and nervous enough, and if there was someone there who smoked. The solution was for me to

walk away if possible. There were of course, card games or parties with close contacts, drinking, tensions, where it was necessary to stay put. In these instances I learned to concentrate on the game, on what people were saying, on contributing my full share to the conversation, as compensation for the cigarette I was rejecting. Trying to remain objective, slightly removed from what was going on, I kept my mind on what I was doing. My physical actions, my voice, my part in the conversation became *focal points* that helped me remain detached from the pressures of the group.

Cigarette smoking is an individual problem. It requires a strong desire to quit, an analysis and honest understanding of why one smokes, a period of physical anguish coupled with emotional irritation, then a period of psychological reorientation. A cigarette is the easiest thing to get and accept as a social custom but a terrible thing to avoid or to give up.

*Joseph P. Gates,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

16. *The match trick*

I started carrying wooden matches and toothpicks in my pocket. Each time I craved a smoke I put one in my mouth (right in — not just sticking out) and found that the saliva formed from desiring a smoke is absorbed by chewing and sucking this wood. I didn't need that cigarette after all! The wooden match didn't taste bad, it had no calories and was not expensive, and I just repeated this cycle everytime that saliva came into my mouth. After a few weeks I stopped the match chewing but every so often when that cigarette craving returned it was back to matches.

*Eric Junnila,
Willowdale,
Ontario.*



17. *A housewife plans a campaign*

I stopped smoking long before I cut down. It started with motivation. Until this became strong, previous attempts to quit had failed.

I convinced myself that my reasons for stopping were more important than easing any of the discomforts which might follow. As the mother of several boys, I had up to this point managed to convince myself that they would not be unduly influenced by my example because they were too young. Now, as they grew older, I was becoming concerned.

In addition I was about to embark on youth work and felt I could serve best by example, not by preaching. I was now convinced that smoking was for me, not right, regardless of how I looked at it.

I had heard that there was no sure-fire method for quitting so my approach was an individual one. I told no one of my intention and had a complete carton of smokes on hand when I set out to escape them. Also I prayed for help. I'm not religious but had experienced the power of prayer in other things.

The first day I eliminated my after-breakfast cigarette, the one I enjoyed the most. The next day I did not have the one after lunch; the third day the after-dinner one was abandoned. Determined not to replace one habit with another, I deliberately avoided gum, candy, etc. Also, from the first, I drank my coffee without smoking, waiting at least until it was finished before lighting up. I realized that the association of ideas was very strong here. If I went to answer the phone I left my cigarettes elsewhere. From this point on I began to eliminate each day, in order of importance, one more cigarette—in effect, weaning myself.

Throughout the process this project was the prime thing on my mind. Generally speaking it was more bearable than I had expected. The night I cut off the last cigarette was the worst, bringing some wakeful hours. I knew that my will power was being exercised to the hilt and that my body was undergoing important changes.



After a week or so the acute desire to smoke left but the memory of how pleasant it had been or could be remained for six months to a year. It is now seven years since my last cigarette and it feels good.

*Mrs. Catherine Pope,
Caledon East,
Ontario.*

18. *Fighting a ritual*

Treat smoking as just another habit. Use psychological warfare against it, as you would against any habit you wanted to eliminate.

You have to fight a compulsion— a ritual. There is such a ritual in selecting the cleanly-slim tube, tapping it on the cigarette package, using your shiny lighter and lighting up. It gives you pleasure to handle these smooth things.

Habits are like bundles of long twigs, bound tightly together. Every time you perform the ritual of smoking you add another twig to the bundle until finally it becomes as strong as the trunk of a tree—impossible to break.

When you quit, you take twigs away, a twig at a time. The twigs are hours—hours away from smoking. And you live from hour to hour, thinking of twigs.

And you reinforce your twig-removal by making up a list of all things that bug you about smoking.

*J. T. Gray,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

19. *Dave Brown's one man army*

New Year's Day, 1968, we were about one-third of the way through the 300-mile drive from Sudbury to Ottawa. The party the night before had been a classic. So was the headache.

I put the lighter to the cigarette, steering with one hand and watching the road with one eye. A few



puffs and it caught. Blue-white smoke curled up into the wide open eye that wasn't watching the road. Closing the stinging eye, I took a long drag and inhaled deeply. The resulting cough sent hot smoke scorching through all eight (or however many there are) sinus cavities and it felt as if I had burned the backs of my eyeballs.

The freshly lit cigarette and the half-full package were tossed out through the no-draft vent. "Here we go again", said skeptical wife, seeing the start of another campaign to beat the weed. It would be the fourth such attempt. The record to be beaten had been set in the second attempt. Twenty-eight days.

During the long dry drive I laid out a plan of attack for a psychological war. I began mapping strategy to overcome the enemy.

The enemy was more than the cigarette. He was the smiling, confident, deeply inhaling television announcer who talked about great taste and lasting flavor. He was the friend who would chide; "they've got you running scared, huh". It was my own hand that would, in a moment of crisis, start its own search for a cigarette. It was my wife who would sit down with me to that after-dinner coffee and blow smoke in my face.

The first decision made was that if this was to be war, it would not be a nice war. It was all-out war. The best defence would be a good offence.

Gimmicks would be the weapons.

I hung a picture of a prominent T.V. cigarette huckster in the bathroom. Not that I had anything personal against the man, but because he represented the confident, puffing weed-pushers of television hustling. Then I attacked my wife, verbally. With absolutely no qualms I would lecture her on the evils of smoking, and unabashedly brag about how long I had gone since my last cigarette. Friends who offered cigarettes were subjected to the same treatment.

And every morning after I shaved, I would pause and laugh at my cigarette promoter, whose fortune was

surely crumpling because I had stopped my daily donation. I had smoked his brand.

After supper was the worst time, and I found the best defence was to keep my army occupied. So I would march my one-man army around the neighborhood, breathing deeply, until convinced the easy breathing and rich smells of greenery were worth it.

It was a long battle and there were many casualties. First casualty was the waistline, which increased a few inches. It was not until about the six-month mark that I realized I was sometimes going through a full day without thinking about a cigarette. A year later there were still occasional periods of temptation. In that second six-month period, the weight problem was overcome.

I know people who quit for as long as five years, and started again. I hope I'm not one of those. Freedom from the smoking habit can only be felt when you know you've got it beat. It's a great feeling.

*Dave Brown,
Columnist,
The Ottawa Journal.*

20. *Day by day: a smoker's diary*

Since starting at 5 or 6 years of age, I tried to quit smoking several times and succeeded for only short periods. On September 11, 1960, I began to record the number of cigarettes I smoked each day. I reviewed the previous weeks and noticed that my daily average of cigarettes smoked had decreased from 16 to 13 without an effort on my part to cut down. It then became a game to record new lows in my daily averages.

Some time later I took conscious steps to reduce the amount consumed. I waited progressively later each day before smoking my first cigarette. At first I kept myself from smoking before the first morning break at work. After a few weeks I worked around to smoking only in the evenings. Sunday, March 26, 1961 was the first cigarette-free day for me in years. Three weeks later I went 5

consecutive days without smoking. For 44 more weeks I gradually reduced my smoking further and my daily average continued to decrease.

In the 75th week I decided to stop completely and began a conditioning process. I concentrated on the negative aspect (e.g., coughing spells, nicotine-stained hands and lungs, waste of money, bad taste in my mouth, the stink of smoke and of extinguished butts). On Sunday, October 29, in my diary I listed nine reasons for not smoking and stopped.

I attribute my success to a variety of reasons; (1) small efforts of will power; (2) chance factors; (3) changing of my thinking toward smoking; (4) enjoyment produced by my success in cutting down.

Joe J. Kaposi,
Willowdale,
Ontario.

21. *Two round stones*

The habit had so overcome me that I couldn't answer the telephone without first lighting a cigarette. Often I had two going in different parts of the house. Then one day I set the next Monday as "Stop Smoking" day. First I went into the garden and picked two small stones very carefully, a light one and a dark coloured one. Believing that a lot of smoking pleasure lies in purely oral satisfaction I chose the stones for their pleasant, rounded slightly irregular surface and then, when I thought I couldn't bear it without a cigarette, I would suck one of the stones. (I fancied the white one as vanilla and the dark one as chocolate.) In this way I occupied my tongue during the withdrawal procedure and never had to resort to candies. Inside a couple of weeks I could go without a cigarette; inside of six months I could say I had stopped smoking permanently.

Mrs. Eleanor Godley,
West Vancouver,
British Columbia.

22. *Never light up*

Although not inhaling, I was smoking two packages of cigarettes a day and the smoke was affecting my throat and mouth. Since stopping my tongue no longer smarts on my waking, white patches in the bottom of my mouth have disappeared and a full sense of taste has returned.

I smoked my last cigarette on June 17, 1968, after years of trying to shake the habit. My plan of operation was brought to mind when I thought of Winston Churchill's constant chewing on an unlit cigar. "That's it", I told myself, "If you can't break a habit, improve it. Have your cigarette, draw on it if necessary, but *NEVER LIGHT IT*".

While the necessity remained, I kept cork-tipped cigarettes around for non-smoking use—and used them frequently. If tempted to light one I asked myself, "What satisfaction will it give me? *One will not satisfy. I will want another, then another . . .*"

*Anonymous,
Saint John,
New Brunswick.*

23. *Be alive while you live*

What really bugged me was lying there and remembering that once I had stopped for several months, then started again. I had slept like a baby during those smokeless months, my vitality improved, my "jungle mouth" gone, feeling alive again! Then I had gone to a party where someone offered me a cigarette, and like a fool, I took it.

These were the thoughts that occupied my mind while I lay awake one night. Finally, I made a firm resolution never to smoke again and fell asleep. At breakfast I reached for a cigarette but remembered my resolution and resisted. At the office my will power held until lunch time, then I yielded to temptation and ran to the grocery store to get some cigarettes.

The man in front of me at the checkout counter was a friend, a doctor. When he saw the cartons of cigarettes he asked, "What are you buying those for? You know what they will do to you. Sure, it's true we all have to go sometime, but don't just live out your life—*BE ALIVE WHILE YOU LIVE*".

All the way back to the office, I thought of what he had said. How terrible it is to feel sick and how wonderful it is to feel really well. What did I want out of life? To be able to smoke cigarettes? Or did I want to be fully alive while I lived—to truly enjoy all other activities?

This time stopping was easier. I kept my unopened pack in the office and a partly used one at home. Each had a little note on it; "*BE ALIVE WHILE YOU LIVE*". Whenever I was tempted I would say, "To be *alive* is what I want—not a stinking cigarette!" It worked. I know something else—it is *impossible for a once-upon-a-time smoker to have only an occasional cigarette*. Once started she's soon back on the old routine.

Mrs. Veronica King,
St. Catharines,
Ontario.

24. *The security blanket*

In the Spring of 1968, I decided to quit smoking. My first move was to purchase two small packages of my favourite brand. I put one of these in my dresser drawer and the other in a coat pocket. From then on whenever I had the urge to smoke I would put my hand in my coat pocket and feel the package on which the cellophane was still intact. If I didn't have my coat on I went to the dresser drawer and did the same thing. In both cases just the feel of the cellophane kept me from opening the package.

Six months later I disposed of the two packages of cigarettes and only once since then have I felt the urge to smoke. This left me quickly when I bought one

large package of cigarettes which still sits intact in my dresser drawer.

*Gordon B. Thomson,
Oakville,
Ontario.*

25. *The Wray way*

As a 26-year-old staff member of a radio station, I was chain-smoking at least two large packs a day. The picture of a smoker's lungs motivated me to try and quit again, though I had failed on several previous attempts. I picked my time—my vacation—when normal routine would be broken.

I took a pack and a half with me but kept busy with my family and at the end of the two weeks hadn't touched a single cigarette. Back at work I was faced with the tug for "routine" smoking again, but I felt pretty good about the two weeks I'd been free, and never returned to cigarettes.

Through the first year, however, I would buy a cheap cigar once a month and try to smoke it. They were so foul I never made it to the half way point. The renewed taste for food left me with a weight problem but it was easier to shed a few pounds than it had been to stop smoking.

That was six years ago and I'm still smoke-free.

*Ron Wray,
Owen Sound,
Ontario.*

The why and how of success

It is not simple to decide when “quitting” starts. Usually some specific stimulus motivates the smoker to try a method best suited to his needs and nature. Sometimes a chance encounter with a method that worked for someone else creates motivation where little or none existed before.

Many of these case histories show this interplay between “motivation” and “method”. The selections which follow emphasize one or the other and reflected certain natural subdivisions.

Why?

1. Self respect

26. *Bread or butts*

I had been smoking for fourteen years when I quit last May. One Sunday night I was going out for cigarettes. My wife said she needed milk for the kid's breakfast. I didn't have enough money for both and there was nowhere to cash a cheque late Sunday evening. The fact that I had to think about which to buy was, in my opinion, *sick*. I haven't had a smoke since.

For me, the decision to quit was a matter of motivation to stick with it, a matter of pride. Once everyone knew I had stopped smoking, I wouldn't start again.

This is not a system, but for me a system didn't work without motivation. On the other hand, once motivated, I'm sure any system would have worked. The ads on TV, the warnings on packs of cigarettes, etc. only made me angry. The decision to stop can't be imposed, it must come from within the individual.

This may not help anyone to quit directly, but someday when the results are published and someone reads "X thousand people who quit responded", he may say "Hell, if *they* could do it, so can I". For that reason, I am adding my response to the X thousand.

*R. P. Riendeau,
Preville,
Quebec.*

27. *Who is stronger? The cigarette or me?*

When I was teaching in a small Canadian city we couldn't smoke in the teacher's lounge but had to go to the boiler room. I was the only woman who went down there; it was humiliating, but the cigarette habit was that strong.



Later there was a lot of publicity about the dangers of smoking, in the elementary schools in particular, and on TV. My young sons received a number of leaflets on the subject and discussed these at home. Despite this, my husband and I remained heavy smokers.

One evening, while watching an anti-smoking report on TV, my eldest son, looking at the cigarette I had just lit, said, "Why don't you stop, Mummy, or can't you?"

I had a strep throat, the cigarette tasted awful, the challenge hit me and I said, "All right, I'll stop". And I did.

It was hard and at first I used chewing gum as a substitute for the urge. The deterrent, though, was the disdain I would have for myself for submitting to a habit I could not control. I remembered what I had said to young pupils while I was teaching French: "Who is stronger, you or the word you cannot pronounce properly?"

In this case, *who was stronger, the cigarette or me?* What opinion of myself would I have if a cigarette could make me do something against my will?

It is six years since I quit. There are times when I still want to smoke. When I do, I pause and think.

Mrs. J. G.

Ottawa,

Ontario.

28. *Slow suicide*

In this push-button age we often look for push-button solutions. We are often unaware that these push-buttons exist within ourselves when the problems are personal. Some find it hard to reach the buttons, some find it easy.

I smoked about a pack a day when it occurred to me that I was a weakling, *committing suicide by a slower process than hanging myself*. Those who smoked in order to seek an imagined release from worry had something in common with more orthodox suicides—they lacked a consciousness of their true capabilities.

We can accomplish a great deal more than we think, but usually aren't willing to make the effort. We don't want to be tested, think it is too painful to try, that it isn't worth the trouble. This inertia is often behind many of our bad habits, smoking among them.

I stopped smoking on will power alone. On the day I compared myself to a man committing suicide, I threw all my ash trays into the garbage can. I told myself, "If you are a man you CAN live without smoking; if this precious life you have been given is worth living, YOU NEED NEVER THINK OF SMOKING AGAIN". I laughed at myself, ridiculing my image of a "swinger" with a cigarette between my fingers.

The first day without cigarettes was hard. I felt I had something in my throat and found it difficult to swallow. Next day I told myself, "You did a fine job. If you could do it one day, you can do it today". After a week I celebrated my triumph by buying something that cost the same amount as my smoking would have done for the same period. Then I told myself again "*You are great. You could do it for a week.* Now it is easy. *You can keep it up for another week,* another week, all your life".

I have kept it up for two years and I KNOW I will keep it up all my life.

*Anonymous,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

29. *You make me sick!*

I smoked a large packet of cigarettes plus a pack of tobacco each day. I would cough so profusely in the morning that my whole body would shake. One particular morning someone actually outdid my coughing, and by this and his spitting, made me sick.

I thought about this quite a bit during the day and wondered how many people do I sicken in the morn-

ing? How many more do I wake up in the apartment building where I live by my loud cough?

Everything that is bad about smoking tossed about in my mind, lung cancer, hardening of the arteries plus many more dangers. I gave myself such a brain-washing that I decided to quit smoking—and did.

*M. J. Labine,
Kirkland Lake,
Ontario.*

30. *I simply quit*

I didn't find it difficult to abstain from smoking although I had developed the habit at the age of six and was daily using cigarettes plus the odd cigar and pipe-full of tobacco when I stopped. I had believed that *smoking was a means of relaxation and was helping me in the creative work* in which I was professionally engaged, but when my doctor counselled me to stop lest the peptic condition I had developed would worsen, my decision was immediate.

I gave him my word of honour 18 years ago that I would obey his wish, without moaning, without boasting, without theatrics, I just simply quit. And to my word I have been 100% faithful. Mind you, the desire to have a cigarette often raised its alluring head. But my word is my word.

*Vincent De Vita,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

31. *The fire and the fool*

Will power had nothing to do with my quitting. I just had hell scared out of me.

Even before starting to smoke I had a touch of bronchitis. Cigarettes gradually developed this into asthma, and finally, emphysema. I had been warned by my doctor to stop smoking or face early death, so I quit for three months. Then someone offered me a new kind

of filter and I was on the merry-go-around again. My good and patient doctor made it plain that I was wasting his time, my money, and was slowly but surely committing suicide.

I had been in hospital time and again for treatment for my chest but this time I was aware of how unfair I had been to my doctor and the others who had tried to help me. I had tried "weaning off" before but now I knew it had to be full stop. I did just that—three years ago.

I am not convinced that all my breathing problems were caused by smoking but I'm convinced that cigarettes finished the job. My definition of a cigarette is, "a small, paper tube filled with tobacco, with fire at one end and a fool at the other".

*Bill Walburn,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

32. *Not martyrdom*

I learned that the butting of that last cigarette should *not* be treated as *an act of martyrdom*. As soon as I adopted the pose of martyr I felt I had earned rewards such as chocolates, mints, soft drinks, and after working hours, all too many martinis and beers. Not only did these compensations pose a threat to the waistline and general health. I was all the more exposed to those occasions when "just one cigarette" would fit in so well.

You probably started smoking under ordinary circumstances; why make a big fuss of it when you stop?

*Robert Inglis,
Brockville,
Ontario.*

Why?

2. Parental responsibility

33. *Madonna*

For eighteen years as a student, wife and mother I had smoked one to two packs of cigarettes a day. For the last four I had tried time and time again to stop.

I used most of the standard 'tricks' that were supposed to help—taking special pills—substituting gum, candy and foods for cigarettes—clearing the house of all tobacco (and then frantically searching wastebaskets for butts and old purses and pockets for forgotten cigarettes)—refusing to buy any cigarettes (and then shamefully sneaking some from my husband) and so on through the whole miserable list.

Again and again I repeated the pitiful exercise and again and again I failed. The pattern always seemed to be the same no matter what special 'trick' I happened to be using at the time. One or two days would go miserably by without a cigarette. During this time I would be constantly reminding myself how unreasonable and dangerous it was for me to smoke and how marvelous it would be to get rid of my cough. Then *the deadly emotion of self-pity* would begin to take over and I would start to *envy all the happy, carefree smokers in the world*. From that point it was only a short step before my martyrdom became unbearable and I reached for that first fatal cigarette.

Very late one night I had just finished nursing the baby to sleep and was carrying her very gently to the crib. The last thing I wanted to do was disturb her. As I



neared the crib I was overcome with an irresistible urge to cough.

My body began to shake with the coughing and the baby opened her eyes in startled surprise. I don't know how to explain what happened. I know that when I looked down into those startled eyes my own eyes were opened. At that moment I reached the *level of awareness needed to see my smoking habit for what it always had been*—a childish exercise in stupidity! I like to think that a *tiny infant taught me a lesson in real maturity* and that my love for her was the strong emotion I had been needing all along.

From that moment my entire attitude toward smoking changed completely. I stopped despising myself and instead despised smoking—I stopped pitying myself and began to pity all the poor miserable smokers who still clung to their habit. I stopped my habit at that moment seven years ago and since that time I haven't had the slightest desire to touch a cigarette. A few days later my cough cleared up completely and my long nightmare came to an end.

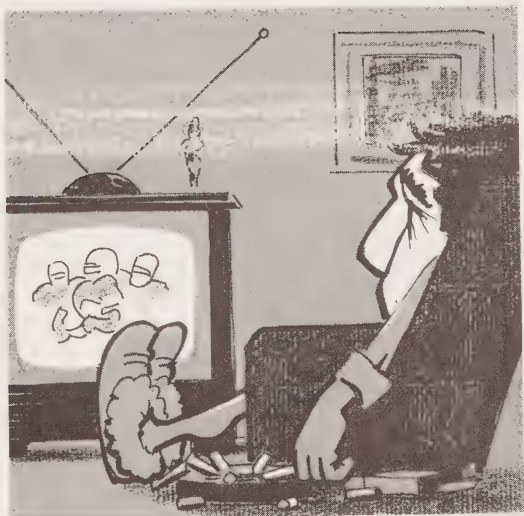
I may be like the alcoholic: one taste would put me right back on the habit. It may well be, but thank God, I don't have any intention of finding out.'

Mrs. N. W. Mason,
Arnprior,
Ontario.

34. *Fully and absolutely*

My youngest daughter was not quite 15 years old when she wrote an essay at school about smoking. On parent-teacher night her teacher had pinned it on the bulletin board. I read it, and believe me, it really got me thinking. She was so concerned about me smoking and wished there was some way I could quit.

I am quite a football fan and my boys and I were watching a game on TV. When the game started I had just opened a large pack of cigarettes and when it



was over one of my sons asked me how many were left. I counted four, which meant I had smoked 20 cigarettes in two hours—one every six minutes. I was so ashamed I told my boys I was quitting right there.

There is only one way to quit, I've found. First, you must *fully and absolutely intend to do it*, Second, *never let anyone talk you into smoking again*. Each day I stuck to my decision made me feel proud and after two or three months the craving began to leave. It was nine months before I completely lost it. I guess I quit in time because I have never felt better.

*George Richardson,
Hamilton,
Ontario.*

35. *Angel's lips / satan's lips*

I had been smoking for nearly 50 years but stopped five years ago when my son's family came to live with us for six months. There were two granddaughters. Every night they came to kiss us goodnight, right on the mouth. That made me think. It was like *dirtying the little angels' lips with dirty, smelly satan's lips*.

This was it, I thought, I will stop smoking right now. I decided to do it on the first of June—and I did. At first it was very hard. To satisfy the craving of my mouth I ate almost a pound of cashews or other kind of nuts. I had been weighing 135 pounds for years but my weight went up to 140 pounds.

I don't know if I got healthier by stopping smoking as I did not do it on doctor's orders. What I know for sure is that I do not have the smoker's cough any more, the taste of food is much better, and my mouth feels clean.

*Takaichi Umezuki,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

36. *Our son's pride*

Quitting wasn't easy for either of us. I was encouraged because my husband had quit four months. What helped me greatly was the advertising on TV—especially William Talman's ad for cancer. Our son's pride in our quitting made it even more worthwhile. He is 9 years old and has had, so far this year, four movies at school about smoking. I am sure he will not smoke when he gets older. He is the one that really made me stop and think.

*Mrs. J. Chaplin,
Scarborough,
Ontario.*

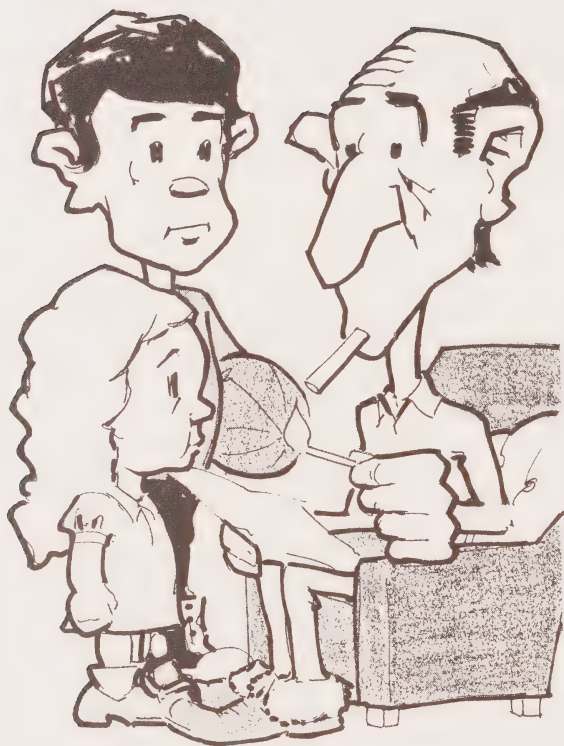
37. *Change the brain's programming*

During the war I lived for the day, and after an air attack, I thanked God for sparing me this time. If the telephone line was not damaged I would call my family to check if they survived. I calmed my nerves with a cigarette.

A cigarette was something easy to carry, to fit in a small purse. I would smoke one when I felt hungry, sitting for hours in a dark, cold basement. It occupied my mind and my hand for a few minutes. It was *a secret formula to heal all my trouble*, a substitute for everything the cruel life in the war had taken away from me.

Later I left my motherland and everything that was dear to me, and today in Canada I'm a happy wife with two lovely children. One day I read how damaging the smoking habit is to the body, especially *combined with the twentieth-century problem of polluted air*. I realized that, as a housewife, I had no control over the larger problem but that I could do better at home.

Being a parent did not give me the right to fill our home with smoke and make the children partners to my smoking habit. I realized I had a duty to raise them, give them love and care. I knew that I could only fulfill this duty if I kept my body healthy. Why should I



shorten my life with disease when there were so many exciting things to live for? Why should I reach for a cigarette as a substitute when mine could be the fresh air in the garden or park? Why should I smoke when I'm hungry when, in this country, I can enjoy fruits the year round from all over the world? I wanted to stay healthy so that I could visit my birth place, and my family. It would be a soothing medicine for the only sickness I knew sometimes—home sickness. I would not want to miss this for a million cigarettes!

Why should I risk my health? I knew *I should control my emotions, not let them control me*. I had to teach myself common sense, self-control and the ability to use my imagination, changing the brain's programming.

My husband broke the habit first. He has a strong will. Finally I succeeded, too. Then something went wrong in my husband's business and he found it hard to provide a suitable life for his family. He began to reach out again for a cigarette to help him with his worries. I was terrified to see him blowing smoke rings in the air again.

He loves his children very much. I knew it was *through the children I would be able to reach him*. So the children and I made a plot. Every time he would light up a cigarette our nine-year-old daughter would sit on his lap, very gently take the cigarette away from him and tell him how much she loved him and wanted him to stay alive. Our son, who is older and has learned about the ill effects of smoking, would make conversation with his father about the smoking habit, though never pressing him to quit.

Finally he again was free and today the only ash-tray in our home is stored away in the basement. Sometimes we have to go down and get it for a friend who is still smoking. Usually he doesn't ask for it a second time.

*Mrs. Miroslav Pouzar,
Scarborough,
Ontario.*

Why?

3. Philosophy and faith

38. *A sense of peace*

Having quit smoking a little over 2½ years ago, I would like to submit the following personal history report.

Smoking History

- Began* — Steady smoking at age 15 while employed at summer job between school years
- Types* — Mainly cigarettes—some pipe and cigars
- Volume* — Up to 3 packs a day (50-60) prior to stopping
- Last Smoke* — September 29, 1966

Personal History

- Racial Background* — German-English
- Date—Place of Birth* — Haldimand Co. Ont.—
June 8, 1933
- Occupation* — Warrant Officer (A) Canadian Armed Forces, 19 years service.
- Education* — currently—evening student Carleton U., (St. Pat's) (Major—Psychology)
- Religion* — Presbyterian



Events Preceding Stopping

February 7, 1965 — experienced a religious conversion

Conviction — felt smoking was injurious to my health. Tried stopping, but craving too great. Could not do without smoke for more than 3-4 hours. Caused extreme nervous frustration when without a cigarette.

Pipe—Cigar Cure — Often would try to “cut down” by smoking a pipe or cigars. Strong tobacco taste at first caused a reduction in cigarette smoking. At the end however—I was smoking just as many cigarettes and ½ pack of pipe tobacco a day.

“Stop-Smoking” Pills — had no effect, except to cause further stomach upset.

Physical Effects — *Constant cough* — especially in the morning.
energy — little energy to do much more than sit around, read and smoke. Any sustained exertion caused soreness of muscles and exhaustion.
appetite — poor appetite due to constant heartburn.
sleep — often woke up craving smoke
— *teeth-mouth-throat* — teeth becoming more discolored and stained. Mouth tasting like garbage can — Throat often sore from coughing. Stomach easily upset.
nerves — constantly on edge — jittery — easily upset.

How I was able to Stop

Posted to Gaza, Palestine in April '66. Spiritually strengthened by visiting holy places. Had to read Bible

to find out background of a lot of places visited. Gradually became aware of tremendous source of strength in this book.

Decided to test practical value. Sought through prayer and meditation for solution to smoking problem. Began attending services at American Mission Hospital, Gaza. Greatly impressed by sincerity, devotion and spiritual strength of missionaries. Returned from service one evening and was lying in my bed, reading Bible, before going to sleep. Had just lit up cigarette, when a sense of peace came over me and something seemed to tell me to put out the cigarette. I did and have not had to smoke since.

Recovery Problems

Extreme nervousness and loose bowel movements for first week. Burning needles in every part of my body. Very edgy and easily upset for first month. Psychological need for smoke absent, but "desire" to smoke lasted for nearly two hours. Desire to smoke neutralized by religious faith.

What it's like to be "normal" again.

Improved appetite — Put on extra pounds but assured by medical authorities that this is not excessive for age and physical build. Enjoy food.

Improved energy — able to do sustained work and exercise without adverse effects. Am active in Christian Young People's group and have no trouble "keeping up" at ball games, sledding, toboggan parties, hay rides, etc., where at one time (when smoking) I would have been stiff and sore for a week.

Concentration Abilities — since returning for extra education, find ability to concentrate very much improved.

General Health — once prone to coughs and colds, have missed only 1 day due to illness in past year. Colds less severe.

Nerves — about as normal as I'll ever get.

*Anonymous,
Ottawa,
Ontario.*

39. *One day at a time*

The cigarette habit secured such a stranglehold on me that I wound up smoking sixty to eighty cigarettes a day.

Like other chain-smokers, I finally realized that I was badly hooked and something drastic had to be done. I tried every suggestion put forward by anyone who had succeeded in doing so. As I met with repeated failure, I began to tense up just thinking about the next attempt I would make to quit.

I was on the point of giving up the struggle and letting lung cancer do its worst when, by chance, I met a friend who had a terrible alcoholic problem which led to loss of his job, family, friends and health. He had got completely back on the rails after joining Alcoholics Anonymous, and credited the spiritual side of A.A. for his recovery.

He gave me a couple of A.A. slogans—‘LET GO and LET GOD’ and ‘ONE DAY AT A TIME’. I promised him that before I lit my first cigarette the next morning, I would ask for Divine Help. This I did.

I finished my breakfast coffee and as I reached instinctively for a cigarette, I remembered my promise of the previous day. In more of a snarl than a prayer, I muttered, “God, I can’t quit here. There must be some place I can go where I can’t smoke.” My eye fell on Peale’s book, “The Power of Positive Thinking”; I opened it at random and read his account of two New York tycoons who dropped into an empty Manhattan church at lunchtime to seek some relief from mounting tensions. I had my answer. *Church was surely one place where people did not smoke.* Moreover, these two men went to obtain relief from tension—which was my drive to smoke.

I was on the starting line to a method of quitting my addiction. *I would run from one haven of safety to another*—empty churches, courtrooms, public libraries, any place where smoking was prohibited; any place where it would be easier to hold the line and divert my mind from the craving that, by lunchtime, was coming and

going in waves of sheer torture. Even in the church I visited I came close to sneaking behind the baptismal font for a couple of drags.

Finally the morning was over and I beat it for home as the judge adjourned for lunch break. Right after my lunch I took a couple of tranquillizer pills and, from plain nervous exhaustion, I fell asleep. Later, I thought, "Good grief, this is the first time in over 30 years I haven't had a smoke before lunch. Maybe, at last, I have taken my first step up the hard road to breaking the addiction". It gave me a glimmer of strength and hope to get through this ordeal. *ONE DAY AT A TIME* was only a few hours away. Maybe I could extend those pre-lunch hours to twenty-four if I could just get through the period between lunchtime and supper.

There was a movie showing that I wanted to see and I went to keep my mind occupied with something else than longing for a cigarette. By now I was going on the basis of *ONE HOUR AT A TIME*. I found a seat and started to fiddle with a package of cigarettes when a notice was flashed on the screen, "Sorry, due to fire regulations *NO SMOKING ALLOWED*". It was almost too weird to be true. I got the strongest feeling that, with all this guidance I was getting, I would die on the spot if I even so much as sneaked a puff.

As a final gesture of assistance, some heavy-smoking bridge friends phoned to beg off our weekly bout of lung destruction. I was disappointed; I could not boast how courageous I had been in going twenty-four hours without a smoke.

That's about my story, except that I fell asleep with the firm conviction that never again would I risk getting hooked and have to go through the agony of another day's withdrawal. I did not fear the following day because I knew what to do; simply repeat the exact timetable. I kept this program going for about three weeks while my cravings diminished and finally disappeared entirely.

*J. G. Collinson, Q.C.,
Hamilton,
Ontario.*



40. *Inner trip*

At six or seven I was smoking and inhaling constantly, my brother giving me the cigarettes. I would also steal them from my mother's store at the front of our house in South Wales. From this age on the habit was strongly imbedded in my mind. I refer to *my mind* because later I became convinced that *this was where the trouble lay*, more so than the physical need to smoke.

At the age of 14 I started my life as a coal miner. It is a very serious offence to take a cigarette or matches into a mine. While I couldn't go 10 minutes without a smoke on the surface and would take any risk to have one, I wouldn't think of doing it in the mine. I would smoke greedily up to the last second before going below, but from that moment on, the thought and wish for smoking would leave. No craving whatever was with me for the seven and one-half hours that followed.

On reaching the surface again, however, I would look around for someone who might give me a cigarette. When I failed, my walk home would be hastened by my hunger for the smoke I wanted even more than my dinner. I was very thin and feeling constantly tired, something that I understood better later in life.

When I was 23 and had come to Canada I made my first attempt to quit smoking, encouraged by the memory of my abstinence from it in the mine. I thought if I could get past breakfast I would stand a chance. One morning I accomplished this and got as far as 2 p.m. before I weakened—the longest non-smoking period since I had been a child.

What I remember clearly was what happened when I first inhaled again; it was as though a cloud was drifting through my entire body. I was very conscious of this feeling going through all my limbs, even to my finger tips. Some years later I read in a magazine of how smoking affects the blood stream, even to the finger tips, and I better understood my experience—why I had been so constantly tired and why I experienced a wonderful new world when I wasn't smoking.

When I was 26, my smoker's cough had become so bad that I found the determination to shake the habit. My coughing stopped almost immediately and for two years I felt fine. Then an upsetting experience set me smoking again. Again I quit. When I resumed next time it was to please a friend who offered me a cigarette.

Eleven years ago I made it for good. That old feeling that I had chiefly to deal with something that was in my mind, added to my recollection of what it felt like to be free of the discomfort and dirt of the habit, were pressing in on me when I was hospitalized for a spinal problem. I threw away the last butt as I entered the building. Today I am in good health and my x-rays remain favourable.

I would be extremely happy if this story will help anyone who feels that, just because it has been absorbing it for years, his *body must continue to have nicotine*. If this was the case why should a man immediately feel so clean, so much better in health, when he quits it?

*Ivor Miles,
Scarborough,
Ontario.*

41. *Save you — save a family*

One day while reading an article on poverty in India, I was shocked by so much suffering, particularly among innocent little children. Millions of people dying from lack of food. I tried to picture my own children in this tragic plight and I thought how wonderful it would be under these circumstances, if someone would give me enough money each month so that they would no longer have to go to bed at night hungry. I realized how selfish I had been lamenting about this smoking habit that had me licked and feeling sorry for myself. Here staring at me from the magazine, was a reason to stop smoking.

It was a bit rough for a few days but the thought of helping those little children to keep eating regularly alleviated the desire to smoke.

Giving to the "Save a Family Plan" (St. Thomas University, Fredericton, N.B.) had brought me pleasure and satisfaction. Not only have I lost all desire to smoke (the letters from my Indian family take care of that) I have gained financially by *patronizing the unfortunate rather than the tobacconist*. I have, in addition, saved enough money to provide a three-week vacation in Britain.

*William J. Murray,
Midland,
Ontario.*

42. *See yourself as a non-smoker*

From 14 until age 19, smoking was my membership card to "adult" circles. Then came alcohol; and over-indulgence in this brought over-indulgence in smoking. Now followed the all-night sessions with the morning-after woozy-head, burnt-tongue, sore-throat, wheezing-chest and—the horrible coughing.

"Cigars are safer", "Pipes don't cause cancer", "Menthols are easier on the throat", "Cigarette holders remove the dangers". I tried 'em all. Developed pleurisy, pneumonia, chronic bronchitis, cold feet and leg cramps from poor circulation. In short, *I lived at 15 m.p.h. because my 500 h.p. engine could only deliver 5-10 h.p.* and even at this speed, my engine needed various additives such as cough medicines, sinus-inhalants, throat-gargles, etc., etc.

Then came the decision to quit. Tried cutting down—didn't work. Tried delaying the lighting of that next cigarette—didn't work. Tried menthols—no dice. Cigars? Back to coffin-nails. Pipe? Lost the use of my tongue completely (for tasting). Cuban cigarillos? Had to have my throat relined. Quit completely. Nearly went insane! Then I read a statement of Mahatma Ghandi in which he said that *in order to give up a habit one must be convinced that it is interfering with something which is more important to one.*



Also read in "Psycho-Cybernetics" that, *if one sees oneself as a "non-smoker"* and really gets a clear picture of oneself as a person to whom smoking is completely distasteful and undesirable, it becomes as difficult to stick a cigarette in one's mouth as it used to be to go without one. I adopted both of these philosophies with minor modifications to suit my own situation and personality. Guess what?

As soon as I became convinced that smoking detracted from the activities I enjoyed most, such as running, skin-diving, eating (tasting) and just plain "feeling-alive" I decided to *see* myself as a non-smoker.

This was relatively simple. I only needed a few periods of quiet in my favourite hide-away *plus* a little concentrated imagination and voila! I was a non-smoker. *No* withdrawal symptoms whatever. A great new feeling of self-confidence and self-respect. A wonderful new awareness of life, tasting, smelling, etc. A feeling of personal *gain*—no feeling of having "given-up anything".

It has now been more than two years and I have never had a relapse or even the hint of one.

I now abhor anything connected with smoking—*especially the advertisements*. I feel a real sense of pity for the people I see smoking and I am dying to say to them "You Don't Know What You Are Missing!" Please tell them for me. O.K?

Anonymous,
Sarnia,
Ontario.

43. *Break a leg! Break a habit.*

I started smoking cigarettes at about the age of 13 and reached a daily consumption of about 30. I found little desire to increase this but also found it impossible to reduce it. In my middle forties and later I badly wanted to stop but was not able to do so for longer than a few agonizing days at a time. Then I'd fall back to the pack and one-half routine. The chief difficulty seemed to be

that *the constant low-level suffering from deprivation seemed never to ease*, and since it could be arrested easily by lighting a cigarette, the reasons for stopping evaporated.

Shortly after my fiftieth birthday I broke a bone in my leg. The immediate pain was extremely severe but, after treatment, the pain for the next day or so was constant but less acute. While it continued to diminish very slowly it was always present, although I managed to live and work in about the normal pattern. In due course the cast was removed and all was forgotten.

However, I broke a bone in the other leg about a year later and a third time some months after that. Sometime during this period it occurred to me how much the pangs of trying to stop smoking resembled the incessant but slowly diminishing pain of the fractures—with the very important difference that there was no relief from the discomfort of the cast until it was removed after eight weeks. I felt that if I could adopt the same mental stoic attitude toward the pain of not smoking as I had been forced to take with the fractures. I had maybe found a cure. So *I quit* smoking immediately, suffered the same kind of pain, *assuming that I had to put up with it for eight weeks to be cured*. It worked beautifully and while it was not painless, it was much easier than any earlier attempts had been. It was completely successful because, as with the fractures, there was no alternative. That was about 10 years ago and I have had no serious temptation to resume.

I do not suggest a broken leg as the path to stopping smoking. I believe though, the key lies in being able to maintain the conviction that *there can be no relief from the pain until "the cast can come off"*, at which time the cure has been effected.

*L. R. Digby,
Merrickville,
Ontario.*



44. *Recipe for "kick-the-habit" stew*

Take a large slice of "FEAR" and marinate in medical statements about the dreadful damage one is causing to one's health.

Let this simmer in your mind for two or three sleepless nights.

Bring to a slow boil and add a dash of "SAVING", when you total what cigarettes cost a year.

Sprinkle with a few sprigs of "ENTRE NOUS" picked up at the last conference you attended, where the "in" people were pointedly not smoking.

Garnish with the "VANITY" you gained when you decided you, too, could show the boys in the office you had guts!

Serve with the cheers and applause you will get from your many friends who had privately written you off as a loser!

For best results, eat in front of a plate glass mirror where you can make sure your halo doesn't tip.

AND WEAR IT IN HEALTH.

*John Hinde,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

Why?

4. Health considerations

45. *It's the cigarette you want*

I decided to quit smoking when my family doctor told me I had bronchial trouble and that smoking was probably the cause of it. If I quit, he said, I would probably not have these problems. So I went home and tried it but after a week I started smoking again. It seemed I had a good reason. I had gained five pounds in that week—and for me, that was reason enough!

I mentioned this to several of my friends and they agreed that they had also gained weight when they tried to stop. One told me he had succeeded but because he'd had to; his bronchial condition was so bad he was gasping for breath all the time. I decided this was not for me and went back to see my doctor.

"Don't come to me with phony excuses", he told me. "You don't have to gain weight if you do it properly". So I went home with the instructions he gave me; try stopping for half an hour at a time, then an hour, then two hours—then a day, a week, a month, a year.

"You, the smoker, are the only one who can do it" he said. "And every time you want a cigarette tell yourself it is a cigarette you want, not something to eat. What is the sense of getting a weight problem to replace the old one?"

It took me about six months to train myself and it was hard. I'm very happy I did though. I've never had

any more bronchial attacks and everything tastes better. I had smoked cigarettes for 20 years and it is now years since I had my last one.

*Mrs. Russell Semple,
Hamilton,
Ontario.*

46. *The real McCoy*

Three years ago I was rushed to the hospital with a peptic ulcer, pneumonia and pleurisy, all the result of a heavy dose of cortisone which I had received as treatment for multiple sclerosis. I have had the latter for 25 years. Until this time I had been able to take the treatment with no side effects.

After five days, finding I was still alive and on my way to recovery, I asked my husband for a cigarette. I had been a heavy smoker for 30 years. He said, "No. There's no smoking in here".

When I'd gone into the second smokeless week I felt a little proud that I'd lived so long without a cigarette. Then and there I told myself I'd never start again. Any time since, when I've felt like smoking, I open the window and take about 10 deep breaths. This is the real McCoy!

*Mrs. Doey Eddy,
Milnes' Landing,
British Columbia.*

47. *Anytime I wanted*

Like all the other smokers I kept saying "I sure wish I could quit" and then I got a bad attack of flu. All smokers know that a cigarette tastes like an old rag when you have the flu or a bad cold so for three days I didn't smoke. The cigarettes and a lighter sat on the small table beside my bed.

When I felt better I reached for a smoke and then started to think. I hadn't smoked for three days so it

should be a cinch to stop for three more. Then there were six days and 12 and so on.

Many times I had tried to stop before this, and always made the grand gesture of throwing away all the cigarettes I had, and lighter, etc. That didn't work. So this time I carried cigarettes and a lighter in my pocket all the time (I was a commercial traveller and could smoke almost incessantly).

Anytime I had wanted I could have reached for a cigarette but I didn't and haven't smoked since. Man, the money I've saved and the way I've felt since is really something.

G. E. N.

Peterborough,
Ontario.

48. *Each day – another milestone*

I was a four-pack-a-day smoker and had a chronic bronchial condition. On my doctor's advice I quit the habit on January 9, 1968. After the first day my coughing had ceased completely, the wheezing stopped a week later, and at my next physical checkup, the bronchial condition had disappeared.

After 16 months without even a puff, the temptation is still there but *each day is another milestone*. I often get discouraged when I put on weight periodically, but I don't give in but go back to counting calories again.

I advise the following;

Don't say when, or where you will quit, just do it.

Don't throw your cigarettes away. Carry them with you, so you will know that you can pick your cigarettes up and smoke them at any time. This prevents you from panicking when you are tempted.

Enlist the help and encouragement of your family. It means a great deal.

Contact your doctor if necessary. He is always willing to help.

Keep busy, especially with your hands.

Last, and most important, remember what my doctor told me; "*No matter how long or how heavily you smoked, stopping will put you on the road towards that place where it is as though you had never started*".

I haven't won the battle yet, but after 16 months, I am on my way. The longest I had ever gone before without smoking was half an hour.

*Mrs. Marjorie Ready,
Burlington,
Ontario.*

49. *End the agony – Quit!*

I worked for the Dominion Bureau of Statistics as an enumerator and often did surveys for the Health and Welfare Department regarding the smoking habits of the Canadian people. I loved smoking, so paid little heed. I was 53 years old and had enjoyed smoking for 30 years.

The axe fell in September 1968 when I was stricken with a coronary heart attack, but I didn't quit smoking even though the doctor said I should. I did cut down to 8 to 10 cigarettes a day, however, and soon found that treacles or licorice candy made a nice substitute for in between times. After 3 months in the hospital I came home, brought an anti-nicotine filter and switched to a milder cigarette. I also had my treacles or licorice in between times. Well, smoking through a filter with a mild cigarette creates quite a drag and there isn't much satisfaction in it. Then, if I had company and smoked several cigarettes close together I had to go without for four to six hours.

I became a clock watcher and miserable to boot! Everyone laughed at me and said the only way to quit was to just stop all at once. I couldn't. My nerves were bad due to illness and were getting worse. Also I was having

a lot of pain and I was told that smoking constricts the blood vessels and brought on this pain.

New Year's did it. On January 2, I woke up feeling quite fit and decided I would not smoke all day. It was such a relief to my shattered nerves. No watching the clock, no pains but still a few treacles. The next day I didn't want a cigarette nor haven't since. Now, if I think of it at all, I think of all the agony I went through and know I don't want to do it again. I have not had treacles for a long time; having not gained weight either. I believe the slow withdrawal, the weak drags from the filter, the clock watching had me in such a state that to quit was heaven. My heart tells me so. My blood pressure is normal and my heart is recuperating nicely.

Mrs. Verna K. Levine

Sault Ste. Marie,

Ontario.

How?

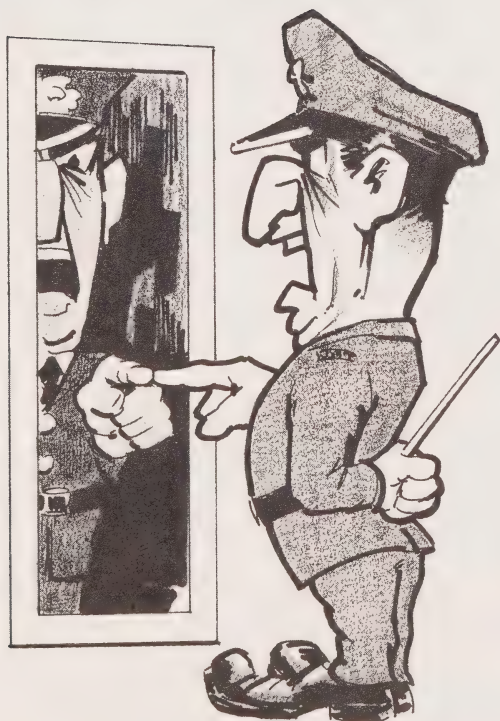
cold turkey . . . or cut down, and taper off?

50. *“Galloway: tonight you stop”*

The secret of how to quit smoking is entirely in your will. You must say to yourself, “I will not smoke”. You must therefore begin the process by accepting the need for self-discipline. For me, after 28 years in the Army (during the entire 28 years of which I was a smoker) self-discipline came easily. I simply ordered myself to stop smoking. I then had no alternative.

I had done this sort of thing before and had developed honest pride in myself from the results. On countless occasions, when I was terrified for my life, I said to myself, “You must show no fear”. This always worked.

On February 28, 1960, I smoked my last cigarette. Since that day I have not smoked or used tobacco in any form. I was attending the annual “Paardeberg Day” Ball of The Royal Canadian Regiment at Wolseley Barracks, London, Ontario. The festivities had begun with a noon-hour whiskey-and-soda welcome (at which I purchased two packages of cigarettes) followed by an afternoon reception at four, cocktails at seven, dinner at eight and the ball at 10 o'clock. By the cocktail hour I had emptied my silver cigarette case. I refilled it before entering the dining room, gleaming with silver and highly-



polished mahogany. By the time the orchestra played "God Save the Queen" at one in the morning, 18 of the little white cylinders had "gone up in smoke". Drawing my regimentally-crested case from within my mess jacket of scarlet and gold, I took what was to be my *last cigarette*.

In my hotel-bound taxi some 15 minutes later I suddenly decided that 40 cigarettes between lunch and bed-time was sheer madness. I knew I could never "cut-down" because I have a compulsive nature. I said to myself, "Galloway! tonight, you stop smoking".

Back in the hotel my wife suggested we have a cigarette each before turning out the lights. I showed her my case, one cigarette remaining. She suggested we break it in two, or puff it turn-and-turn about. "Take it", I said, "I have stopped smoking". Next morning at breakfast my wife asked me to get a package of cigarettes. I did this, and told her that when we were ready to leave she should put the package in her handbag. "Don't you want one?" she queried. "Of course not", I replied, "I told you last night that I had stopped smoking".

A week later I complained at the breakfast table that my wife's cigarettes annoyed me. I told her she would be wise to follow my example and stop a disgusting and harmful habit. I added the rider that I didn't suppose she had the will power to do so. It was now her turn to be annoyed—she asserted that as long as I never smoked again, neither would she. Consequently, she has never smoked since. I was 44 years of age when I stopped smoking. I was a chain smoker and also managed to use up one to two packages of pipe tobacco each week. Probably I smoked up to three packages of cigarettes per day during the war, when smoking under outdoor, battle-field conditions made pipe-smoking unsatisfactory.

Neither my wife nor I have ever tried to substitute any "gimmick" for tobacco or to help us to quit; no candy, no drugs—nothing in the way of treatment or literature was necessary. Only two things were required; the genuine desire, or will to quit—and self-discipline;

which in the end makes all things, or nearly all things, but certainly an end to tobacco smoking, possible. Personally, I have little sympathy for those cigarette smokers who won't take this "easy way out".

*Strome Galloway, Colonel, Retired,
Late The Canadian Guards,
Ottawa,
Ontario.*

51. *Breath of a salesman*

I'm a man, 43 years of age, and after 28 years of smoking, on August 26, 1967, I quit "cold turkey". There is no other way, no slowing down from say 10 to 5 to zero on a daily basis. I tried the latter without success while I was smoking 25 cigarettes a day.

Before quitting I was becoming very short of breath and wheezing; also very much overweight. Consequently, I paid several visits to my family doctor. He didn't offer an opinion.

This continued for approximately two years but I was not satisfied, and in August 1967, I sought a second medical opinion from a young doctor just two years out of medical school. Normally when one visits the doctor, he asks what is wrong but I threw the doctor a curve by not telling him what I thought was wrong but simply asking him to check me over.

After the examination he threw me a curve back, asking me if I smoked. I answered "Why, of course. Doesn't everyone smoke these days?"

Then the doctor said he would give me 10 years. If I quit smoking right there I could add 10 years to my life. If I didn't I could lose 10 years.

"It's your choice", he said. "It's your life not mine. You asked for the facts and I'm telling you. You've got emphysema". He repeated, "Cut out smoking".

"You're out of your bloody mind", I retorted. "I'm a cigarette salesman!"

After that he really did lay down the law and when I left I felt as guilty as hell—just as if I was a dope pusher. Selling cigarettes was my bread and butter though, and I had been doing it for the past nine years.

At the hospital where I went for breathing tests, etc., I saw a film on a lung-cancer operation, which was part of the Seventh Day Adventists' "quit smoking" campaign. For me it was the clincher. I began telling myself every time I wanted a smoke "*I choose not to smoke*", and my motivation was strong enough that I made it stick.

Today I'm free and clear of all addiction to smoking. I'm not in the best of health but thanks to my doctor and up-to-date science and medicine I can walk around appearing like a normal healthy person.

Of course, I am no longer a cigarette salesman.

R. B. King,
Willowdale,
Ontario.

52. *One thing a smoker doesn't need*

Around Christmas last year, I came home from work and my wife greeted me at the door with "I've quit smoking"—I quickly responded that if a woman could do it so could I.

The main difference was that I smoked one and one-half packs per day compared to her six to 10 cigarettes per day.

I *didn't* throw my cigarettes away, I kept them with me everywhere I went, just as if I was still smoking, because if there's one thing a smoker doesn't need it's frustration. The mere fact that I knew that they were there if I needed them kept me from pain.

After about a month or so—the pack was stale and my desire was gone, so I threw it away.

I'm not saying this method is foolproof, but I do say it worked for both of us and after eight years of smoking, I think I have it licked. In that time I saved

enough to buy a new dryer which is far more than the "free" coupons could have gotten me.

Harvey A. Brooker,
Willowdale,
Ontario.

53. *Each victory will help you*

If someone tells you that it is difficult to break the smoking habit, tell them for me they're crazy. I smoked for 24 years; cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco, plain tip, filter tip, longs and shorts, domestic and foreign, fancy and home rolled. Now I have quit. It has been five years since I have given up the habit, and believe me it was easy.

First, tell all your friends, relatives and anybody who will listen, that you are going to quit smoking. Commit yourself, really do it up good. The more people who know about it the more difficult it will be for you to backslide.

I announced it with a big splash one New Year's Eve. I told my wife, my children, my boss, my buddies at work, I told the people I dealt with . . . I was committed but good. I watched their smug faces, telling me it wouldn't last . . . I'd soon be at it again. They bribed me, teased me, offered me cigarettes and *everytime I said "No thank you" I won a little victory for myself.*

It was these victories, one by one, that helped me win the ultimate battle. It was worth the look of bewilderment on my friends' faces when I refused their smokes. They didn't know that, *because I had to say "no" to them every day, I was able to convince myself.*

Once I quit, I never touched another cigarette; I didn't even pick one up to hand to someone else. I knew that even if I took one puff, I would be back where I started. I made a clean break and I was determined to keep it that way.

For several months, I had to carry an alternate. I did a lot of driving and had plenty of time on my hands,



so I chewed gum until my jaws were sore. I always carried a large bag of afterdinner mints in the car, salted peanuts in my pockets. I put on a little weight but it was worth it.

I'm not a deeply religious man, but I think when God saw me trying so hard, he gave a little push at exactly the right times.

*Joseph J. Bocskei,
Welland,
Ontario.*

54. *The hardest thing —*

Six years ago I decided to stop smoking and I have not touched a cigarette since. It was my third try and this time it worked.

I had just started a new job as a receptionist in an internist's office. My boss did not approve of smoking although he never mentioned it to me. In my position I am in contact with sick people every day and see the terrible suffering smoking can cause. This helped to make up my mind.

It was really quite simple to stop. I did not buy any more cigarettes. The hardest thing an ex-smoker has to cope with is the other smoker who offers a cigarette. My husband still smoked at that time.

My husband also stopped smoking four years ago. Someone tried to take advantage of his habit by charging him more for cigarettes than is customary. He was so angry he stopped smoking that same day. He too has not touched a cigarette since.

*Mrs. Helga Tucque,
Edmonton,
Alberta.*

55. *Just say "I don't smoke"!*

Here is the story of one Canadian who smoked for 23 years — more than two packs a day on weekdays and a pack a day weekends.

First: Set a date. There is no point in dramatically throwing down a cigarette and saying; "I have just quit". That doesn't work.

Second: as the date approaches, say nothing about it, tell no one what date it is or that a date has been set, and don't change your smoking habits.

Third: when the time comes, avoid lingering over meals, avoid cocktail parties or other such gatherings, and sleep as much as possible. You can't smoke when you're sleeping. The first 48 hours are the toughest — almost unbearable.

Fourth: For the first few days use a nicotine substitute or one of the similar products. Don't see how far you can go without a cigarette. See how far you can go without the substitute. When you absolutely must have a cigarette, then take the other.

Fifth: and this is most important, after you have succeeded for a week or more, never say; "I haven't had a cigarette in X weeks or in Y days". *Just say; "I don't smoke"*.

Make no mistake about it, it is a damn difficult thing to do for a heavy smoker who has smoked since his teenage days. But it can be done, and this former smoker hasn't had a cigarette, cigar, pipe, or drag from any of them for almost two years, and no longer cares to.

P.S. Everyone who tries to quit and fails says he had a "particularly tough problem come up", or has some similar excuse. We *all* have particularly tough or severe wracking things happen every day. We all have pressure. It's no excuse.

P.P.S. Some weight gain is almost inevitable at first, but after six months, or so, once one has relaxed at bit, one can shed the excess pounds.

*Gord Sinclair,
President, CFOX,
Montreal,
Quebec.*

56. *The R.F.C. flies again*

Six years ago, when I was 64, I stepped out onto the golf course the first fine spring day and found that I couldn't walk a hundred yards until the muscles in my legs knotted up. I would lean on the handle of the cart for ten seconds and limp on but only limp on. It hurt considerably and I certainly wasn't having much fun. So I went to the doctor and the first thing he said was, "How many cigarettes do you smoke?" "Oh," I said, "A package or a package and a half, I guess". "Well", he said, "I guess you're going to have to quit".

Naturally I wanted to know what in the hell smoking had to do with a gimpy leg so he told me that nicotine interfered with the circulation in my legs. "You're getting hardening of the arteries, you know".

I walked back to my office in a chastened mood. A friend of mine had lost a leg because of hardening of the arteries and it wasn't long after the operation that the stub became gangrenous and it killed him. He wasn't all that old either.

I stood considering the matter. There was no question about it; the doctor was serious about my quitting. So I said to myself, "Well, you stupid old goat, why don't you quit?" Up to that point I had been smoking better than a package of cigarettes every day, inhaling every puff for 47 years. Ever since I was a kid of 18 in the Flying Corps in the First War. So I said to myself, "O.K. then, damn it. I *will quit*". So I made the grand gesture and skulled the remainder of the package into the wastebasket, and I quit that second. I shouldn't have been so dramatic, I should have taken the package home to my wife, who hadn't stopped yet, but I wanted to prove something to myself.

Man! it was hell for the next two weeks. The worst was at breakfast when my wife would pour the coffee and then light up a cigarette. I could have bitten my fingers off up to the second joint. But after a couple of weeks I couldn't care less if anyone smoked in my presence, and after about a month, I could walk 18 holes on



a hilly golf course and have never been bothered by my leg since.

But that was only one of the improvements. Up to then my regular routine in the morning was to go into the bathroom, slowly sip a glass of hot water and then, bracing myself on the sides of the basin, cough and cough and cough until you'd think I was going to bring up a lung. When I'd got enough guck out of my pipes so that I could breathe I'd start to shave before I had got all the lather scraped off my face I'd have my first morning cigarette going. Miraculously my cough cleared up too.

There is just one little catch in this apparent success story. Up to this time I had always been a trim 145 lbs. Quite athletic all my life, swimming, skating, skiing, golfing, gardening, bowling, you name it. I played it. I could do one-handed push-ups until well past 60, but I began insidiously to put on weight. Oh! nothing alarming, just a pound or two or ten or twenty. When I reached one-eighty I quit bread, potatoes, salted peanuts, beer, well pretty much everything that a fellow really likes and lost 15 pounds. I do that periodically.

It is a constant battle but there you are; you can go on smoking like a chimney and die an easy death from emphysema (slow suffocation), or cancer of the lung (quite distressing, I believe), or get hardening of the arteries and have a stroke, or lose a leg or become senile before your time. Or you can quit. But if you do consider quitting, don't take pills or some panacea or join some cigarettes anonymous group, just quit. And, maybe some of you may have guts enough to quit eating too, so you've got it made.

*N. B. Scott,
Union,
Ontario.*

57. *Quit smoking? Forever?*

Every publication I had read for some time had an article detailing the agonies of withdrawal from the

cigarette habit. The whole message seemed to say, "You are going to suffer, so why try? You'll never make it."

I went to bed one night thinking there was something wrong with this kind of defeatist writing.

I'm impatient, I overdo everything because I just can't wait for time to take care of things, and time is forever!

That is fine for most things . . . but to quit smoking! Forever! I couldn't do it, not me. So decided to do it for one day.

One day is fine.

I kept busy when I thought I might want a cigarette. I drank a lot of water. Sometimes I put a little lemon juice in it. I brushed my teeth more often than usual.

Did I suffer? No, because it was only for one day. Even I could do it for one day.

At the end of the day I felt fine and reread the article on the agonies of quitting. I thought; "Maybe he is a heavier smoker than I am. I will not smoke tomorrow and maybe the agonies will start on the second day".

I followed the same routine on the second day. I found that *a cigarette does not need to accompany a cup of tea or coffee*. They really can be used separately. Furthermore, coffee can be enjoyed even more without a cigarette. The end of the second day came and still no suffering but I was tired from keeping busy.

The third was a repeat of the other two except I didn't have to work as hard at not thinking about smoking. I even stayed up later that night.

The fourth morning came. I decided since it was nearly the end of the week I might as well finish it.

Somehow, I have never wanted to smoke again. That was 12 years ago. I never quit smoking. I just didn't smoke for one day at a time.

*Anonymous,
Carleton Place,
Ontario.*

58. *I wasn't enjoying the taste*

Over the 25 years I smoked, I had intended to give it up before I got too old, because I thought older women looked rather silly smoking. Perhaps it was the way they held their cigarette or put it in to their lips.

In September, 1968, my teenage daughter, who had seen films against smoking at school, suggested I try a brand with a new type filter. To please her I bought them. Though I didn't particularly enjoy the change, I stuck to it. I had the idea that if the body developed a craving for nicotine it could be partially satisfied and lessened gradually by using this type of cigarette. When I first started, I smoked more but gradually tapered down to my former level.

One evening about four weeks later I was talking on the phone when my son passed. I asked him to let me have a good cigarette for a change. He left two and during the course of the phone conversation I smoked them both. After so many weeks on the filter brand I found the high tar-nicotine content of my old favorites was burning the inside of my mouth.

That was the end. I wasn't enjoying the taste of the filtered smoke and now I couldn't enjoy the unfiltered. It seemed a silly waste of time to continue.

Mrs. E. M. Smith,
Ottawa,
Ontario.

59. *Try 'em stale*

Like many others who had tried to quit and failed, I made the mistake of cutting myself off completely by throwing away all the cigarettes I had around the house. That didn't work and I became depressed and moody. On my second attempt I carried a packet on me at all times but would refrain from lighting one as long as I could. I found I didn't have to finish one I started to be satisfied; a puff or two would hold me for a while. As time wore on the intervals between puffs were getting longer. The thing that helped me most, I think, was *not changing*

to a fresh pack. By carrying the one I started out with, the cigarettes became so stale and dry that when I did weaken and light up, I couldn't inhale one puff without choking.

This lasted about three months, after which I could hold out almost indefinitely without discomfort. It has been more than five years since I quit completely.

*Robert C. Garden,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

60. *The last word*

I have seen cancer in all phases. I make my living partially from this disease, carelessness and natural causes. You see, I'm a funeral director.

I'm not frightened in one little way of dying for anything. I quit smoking to feel better. Sure I gained weight but self-control worked miracles.

The only way I could stop smoking was to contemplate the problem for awhile, tell myself that I was through, butt the cigarette, and that was it. I had averaged 35 per day plus cigars.

I have yet to see anyone smoke during a church service and never has anyone dropped dead during that time for the want of a cigarette.

To those who want to quit, I suggest this formula:

Take one day per week, a day off or a Sunday and don't smoke on that day. Then continue this until you realize you can stop.

*J. B. Charters,
Alliston, Ont.*

61. *My master — the weed*

On Sunday morning April 12, 1964, when I woke up about 8.30 a.m., my wife said she wished she had a tape recorder to record the horrible noise coming from my chest. Her strong feelings shook me up a little. I knew what she meant; I heard it every night I went to bed.

All day this little incident bothered me and each cigarette reminded me of my chest problem. What to do



was the next question. Forget it or take some positive action? I looked at the package in my hand with two cigarettes left in it, both made of a bit of paper and a weed. I had been using them since I was 14 and I was hooked. The paper and the weed got to me. Was I so weak that they were my master? My life had been good to date, with successful activities both in business and pleasure, *but my master was the weed.*

This idea got to me over and over again — the paper and the weed, my master. Major problems, big decisions had been mine for 25 years and here I was controlled by these little items.

They had helped me many times I thought, but are they helping me now? No! They are helping to destroy me. Now, started on the last package of the carton on hand, I kept smoking and thinking all day. I went to bed that night with a mind full of paper and weed and the results that I knew were bad.

Sleep came finally and so did morning. My wife again reminded me of the noise and if it continued we were going to use separate rooms. I left for work with a plan. I'd taper off 1 per hour only. This didn't affect me as much as I thought it would and by lunch time I had 6 cigarettes left in the package.

Now the big decision. Instead of getting a new pack from the cafeteria I would taper off and when they were gone that would be it. At 4:30 on the afternoon of April 13, 1964 I left the parking lot, lit up the last cigarette, drove two miles and opened the window, threw out the butt and that was it.

It is now April 22, 1969, and I have not smoked in over five years. The first two weeks were hard but, after that, with an already noticeable reduction in the chest noise, I was convinced I was on the right track. I have put on 8 lbs., feel wonderful with a very happy wife who never took up the habit. Bless her, she did convince me to stop.

*J. Hilton,
General Superintendent, Night Shift,
Orenda Limited,
Toronto, Ontario.*

62. *Smokers anonymous*

In 1960, as a two-and-a-half pack smoker of strong, unfiltered cigarettes. I was presented with an unusual business opportunity. The pressures of the new position forced my consumption up to three packs daily. This concerned me. Magazines and newspapers were already reporting the harmful effects of smoking.

I switched to a filtered-tip brand but they were unsatisfying. Then a splendid idea hit me. Why not return to plain tips? This should permit me to gain more pleasure from each "stronger" cigarette and hence reduce consumption. GOAL: One pack a day. It worked for a day or so but, within two weeks I was back to three packs of plain tips a day.

Then I started giving the entire subject of smoking some serious thought.

My conclusion was simple. I was addicted. My smoking had me. My three cigarettes before breakfast were like the alcoholic's morning shot. I paralleled the alcoholic in many other ways. There is only one salvation for the alcoholic. QUIT! Try a day at a time, just like A.A. prescribes.

In November 1961, I said to my wife, "For a home that has 23 ashtrays it's difficult to find one when you need it!" Her reply, also was in jest, was, "Why don't you stop smoking, and you won't have to hunt ashtrays?" This was the trigger! I decided to report at the dinner table the following evening that I hadn't had a cigarette since her remark! And this I did. She thought it was temporary, I just thought about taking it a day at a time.

After suffering through the second day, I decided to reward myself with a cigarette after dinner since I had done so well! Why not? Two days without a puff. A deserved reward. I still carried cigarettes, because I said if I ever wanted one, I would smoke it. After dinner I went so far as to take the pack out of my pocket but thought once again about the alcoholic's philosophy: for him, one drink and he is back in the gutter. Was I ready to resume three or more packs per day? Or none? This was

my greatest crisis. I met it without having the rewarding smoke. But I suffered, as did those around me.

After a week of no smoking my family voted unanimously that I resume the habit. My nerves were too edgy, I was over sensitive, I "barked" too quickly. Men under me, some professional salesmen, others at managerial levels, received the full reaction of my "withdrawal".

Hardly a night passed that I didn't dream I had resumed smoking. These dreams continued, although infrequently for nearly four years. Fortunately the resumption was only in dreams, never in reality.

Two days after stopping my wife remarked I hadn't coughed in the night for the first time in our 19 years of marriage.

As much as I pride myself on my health now (I am a steady jogger). I honestly don't believe health reasons prompted me to stop. It would cause me to stop now, with so much knowledge about the physical damage of smoking. But at the time, it was likening myself to the alcoholic.

There is probably nothing as boring as a reformed drunk or an ex-smoker. I pride myself in overcoming a habit I could not control. I "preach" about it. I have helped others stop. It's a new world. I like it. No cigarette hangover, no night coughing sessions, no stain on my fingers, no suffering if I'm down to the last weed, no throat irritations, no lung illnesses, no heart problems from cigarettes. Some day tobacco will be outlawed, but until that time comes, *only the smoker himself can outlaw tobacco consumption*. There is a lot at stake. Your life means so much to so many people.

*M. O. Messenger,
Islington,
Ontario.*

63. *Without them, I'm living*

Like many Britons I began smoking cigarettes during the war. It helped suppress the appetite and added

variations to the rigidity of army life. Later, in Canada, I continued the habit first to combat homesickness, then to help adjust to motherhood, then to face a period of marriage breakdown.

I never associated smoking with pleasure. It was just a necessity when facing intolerable situations. I had made many attempts to stop, but had failed, until one day early in January 1965.

I had lingered by the window as I watched my son leave for the city. He would be married in a few months and I knew I would miss him very much. "See you Mom", called my eldest daughter as she headed for Teachers College. She was in her last year and I was proud of her. Then, last but not the least, off went my youngest, just nine.

The house was quiet now and I relaxed in my favorite chair. I thought about the day before when I had started divorce proceedings. I stubbed out my cigarette into a full ash tray and again wished I could stop. It seemed utter lunacy, to face the uncertainty of my future without cigarettes. It was equally frightening, though, to think my smoking could increase.

Even as I vowed to stop smoking the thought of my past failures were most discouraging. What I needed was a new approach. Cutting down or stopping abruptly was useless. It only created another problem. What to do with one's hands was, for me, almost as insoluble as smoking.

Finally I had an idea. It seemed silly at first, but the only requirement was concentration. Concentration not to inhale.

I began my experiment, and during the days that followed I actually smoked more. My family urged me to forget the whole idea. Tempted though I was, I felt the effort to concentrate was going to work. Because of the uncertainty I hesitated to stop completely, but kept on concentrating on not inhaling.

Shortly, all my earlier doubts were dispersed. As February came to a close so did my dependency on smoking. I was safely weaned.

Now, when offered a cigarette I decline saying,
“Without them . . . I’m living”.

*L. Richardson,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

How?

3. Substitutes

64. *Never again*

As Executive Director, New Brunswick Division, of the Canadian Cancer Society, I was under strong pressure to stop smoking. For about 33 years, I had consumed between 50 and 75 cigarettes every day. On exceptional days the consumption was higher. Regularly I had four or five before breakfast and a last one before retiring.

Although lung cancer was and is important, my personal concern was heart disease because five of my immediate family had died of it. After much trial and error, I decided to attack one problem at a time.

I believe most "nicotine addicts" do not have the will power to cope with all the withdrawal problems at one time. I concluded that getting off cigarettes had priority. This decision made, I substituted a pipe, candy, chewing gum and other crutches for the first few weeks. After three months I was certain I would never smoke another cigarette, and tackled the problem of the pipe. I broke with the pipe by deliberately chain smoking for three days.

Subsequently, I learned to control the tendency toward over-weight and it is now six years since I have used tobacco in any form. The torture I went through to reach this happy state will deter any thoughts about starting again.

*C. F. A. Graham,
Saint John, New Brunswick.*

65. *Merv's fruit "kick"*

I had smoked 20 to 30 cigarettes daily for over 10 years, and had a bad throat and cough.

In 1963, when living in Edmonton, my family and I drove to B.C. to the fruit belt in the Okanagan Valley. On starting this one week trip I decided to quit smoking. I ate substantial quantities of fruit (peaches, pears, and plums) for that week and had little craving for tobacco. Daily consumption may have been 8 peaches, 5 pears and 20 plums. We brought back 17 boxes of fruit and I ate substantial quantities for the next week or so as well. The only side effect was a gastrointestinal upset but the smoking habit was licked. I have not smoked since except for two occasions of about a month each. Tobacco smoke is very unpleasant to me now.

M. J. (Merv) Hunchak,
Ottawa,
Ontario.

66. *On April Fool's Day*

In the spring of 1968 my husband and an office friend decided to quit smoking on April Fool's Day. When I scoffed, he said he would give me a hundred dollars if I quit too . . . "but you must return it if you take *one* cigarette". A hundred dollars! What I could do with that much cash! A hundred dollars looks like a lot of money to a housewife who is always saving pennies. So, I said "Done!" I kept that cheque uncashed for two weeks, until I was sure I was over the roughest part.

The first week was tough but I tried to keep busy, and I didn't talk much because I was so snappy. My husband chewed on cloves, (he still does) while I ate candy, chips, pretzels, etc. Neither of us would be the first to admit defeat. We are both damn stubborn!

We noticed in the second week that we could see, hear and taste better. I noticed my hearing particularly. Colors seemed brighter. Our sensitivities were more



acute. We both felt surprisingly well. My cough took about three months to clear up but is now completely gone.

Now I rarely even think of smoking.

*Joan Marr,
West Shore,
Ajax, Ontario.*

67. *Prove it!*

Before New Years 1968 two friends and I each put \$20 in an envelope. We agreed if one smoked at any time he would immediately forfeit his \$20. If we all returned to smoking, \$60 would be donated to the Canadian Cancer Society, and if we didn't smoke for one year, our money was to be refunded.

Although two of us had smoked for 30 years and one for 20 years, none of us have returned to the habit.

My husband has now quit on his own, I have tried quitting before but apparently I had to prove to two other people that I could do it.

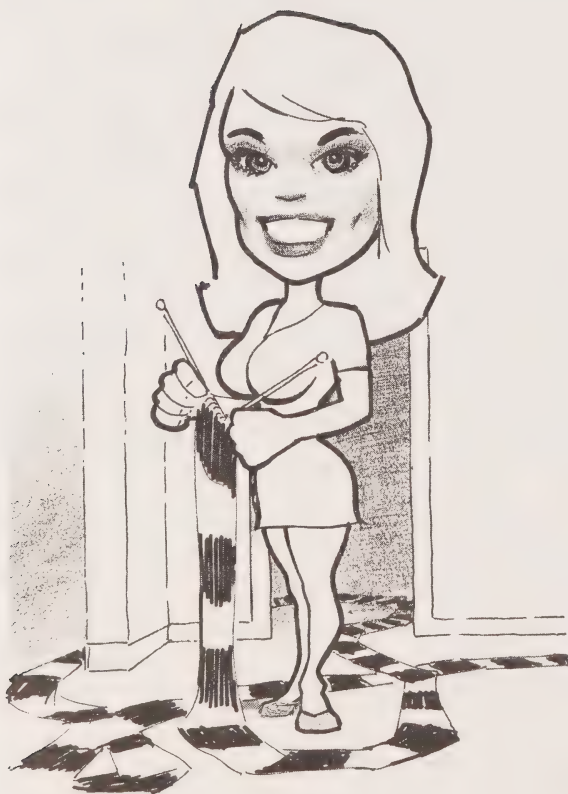
*Noel M. Keeling,
Lund,
British Columbia.*

68. *Knit one, purl two, smoke zero*

I smoked cigarettes from a package, and rolled my own when the tobacco was used up I would sometimes collect the butts out of the ash trays and roll them; if there were no cigarette papers left, I would cut a square of any kind of paper and use it. My throat hurt, and my stomach felt sick, but I chain smoked.

One day I read in one of those doctor's columns that smoking was more of a nervous habit than anything — it was, most of all, *something to do with your hands*.

I kept thinking of what that doctor had said, that *the way to break a habit is to replace it with a good habit*. He gave some examples of what you could "do with your hands, and concentrate on", and the one I could best apply myself was knitting. I was no knitter but I had learned how to do a "plain" and a "purl". I found it was



not too hard, yet hard enough to make me concentrate, and it broke my cigarette habit.

The first week was tough, the second tougher, but after that I was on my way to being a knitter instead of a smoker. After dinner, instead of picking up a cigarette, I picked up my knitting. When I went out in the car I took my knitting out of my purse. When I watched TV, I knitted. *Everytime I wanted to reach for a cigarette, I reached for the knitting instead.* The first year I made a pile of squares, 304 three-and-a-half inch nylon squares, in plain old garter stitch, to the accompaniment of the hockey games and plays, etc. on TV, and finally put them all together and turned them into a multi-coloured bedspread.

About the easiest garment to start on, (and small too), is a baby's sweater. When I started people said, "OH, oh, who's having a baby?" but I didn't mind. I made a batch of a dozen, all colours, red, navy blue, yellow — a real jumble of colours, and then sent them off for babies in Korea.

I'm still no genius at knitting, but last year I knitted myself a dress. That was not such a terrific accomplishment, but the dress *fits me*.

I have enjoyed being a knitter far better than being a smoker. The only time cigarettes bother me now is when I go to a ball game, or a political meeting. The secondhand smoke makes my eyes all red and watery, and makes the edges of my eyelids sting.

My husband laughed when I decided to write about becoming a knitter instead of a smoker. That daunted me for about a week, as I know business people can't be sitting around, knitting in offices. But I'm writing, because maybe the business man has a wife at home who wants to break her smoking habit. Besides, some men do knit.

. . . KNIT 1 . . . plus . . . PURL 1 . . .
SMOKE 0 . . .

*Verna Mae Weeks,
Islington,
Ontario.*

How?

4. Heroic measures

69. *Nicotine "poisoning"*

I am a security guard and smoked two packs of cigarettes a day continuously from 1930 through to 1966. Then I stopped for good, as follows:

I first substituted a cheap pipe and a pouch of tobacco. Then, each time I wanted to smoke, I lit the pipe and inhaled it as I would have a cigarette. When, after a few days, I had done away with cigarettes entirely, I bought a plug of chewing tobacco and sliced it into thin shavings. Upon waking in the morning *I put one of the shavings into the side of my mouth and kept it there until after I had gone to bed at night.* I did not allow myself either to chew or spit, but used the shavings of tobacco as a breath mint or lozenge. Apart from a disagreeable taste in the mouth, and hiccoughs, I had to remove the shaving frequently until my stomach had settled.

I continued to inhale the pipe whenever the desire for a smoke returned, but increasingly I found it induced spells of nausea which would lead to vomiting if continued beyond a puff or two. Within a day or two I had substituted the shaving of tobacco for the smoking habit. Having done this, I left tobacco alone altogether; replacing the shaving only when the desire to smoke returned. After 10 days I had successfully kicked the habit, and without suffering any of the withdrawal symptoms I had during earlier attempts.

Some two months later during a drinking party I began smoking again. When, after a few days I was back to two packs a day, I decided to quit for good. First, I tried without changing to the pipe, and I could not. I went back to the original procedure and this time quitting was easier than it had been before.

*Anonymous,
Toronto, Ontario.*

70. *Saturation*

After having smoked for 17 years, with a daily consumption of at least one pack per day, I finally realized I did not enjoy smoking but *smoked only when I had nothing else to do*. When I realized it was only a bad habit and that all habits can be broken I tried the saturation method. Instead of smoking one pack a day, I smoked three and sometimes four.

After about four days my appetite improved. I refuse to smoke for one day. After this it was just a matter of going from day to day. Whenever the craving came I found something else to do with my hands.

After about four days my appetite improved. I was eating and enjoying too much food that my weight was increasing. To compensate for this I found a suitable diet and now, rather than searching for a cigarette or a piece of candy, I reach for my diet card. I enjoy life more and have more energy to try new things that only a few short months ago seemed to slip by me.

*Lloyd Podley,
Toronto,
Ontario.*

71. *A bitter tonic*

I didn't quit smoking for religious reasons or because it was a health hazard but because it was a dirty habit that left a dark brown taste in my mouth every morning. The cure was simple. I took a dessert spoonful of syrup of hypophosphates (a tonic which has been on the market for many years), in a third of a glass of water with every meal. I took it between the first course and dessert because it is quite bitter. I started this the day before I decided to quit; smoking my usual amount during that day. When I got up the next morning I kept my decision without difficulty and have never smoked since — though I did use the whole bottle.

*Collin B. Mooney,
Victoria,
British Columbia.*



72. *Think of the money!*

I stopped smoking at 00:01 hours, December 1, 1967 after having consumed 45 or more cigarettes a day for 35 years. Since then I have saved (and invested) \$1.15 a day — recently increased to \$1.25 — which on April 21, 1969 amounted to \$575.18.

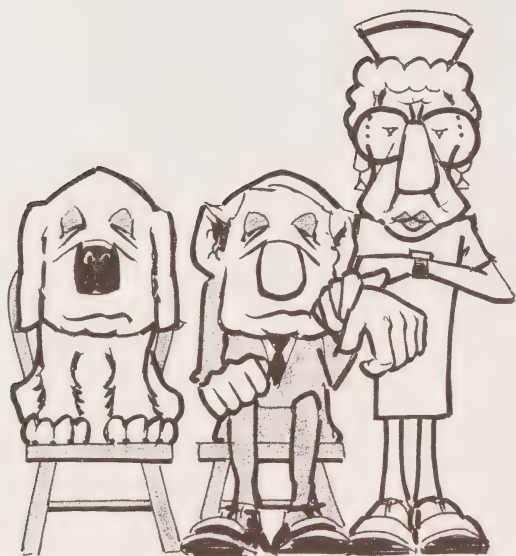
My recipe for quitting is this:

- 1) Calculate just how much tax the Federal and one's provincial governments jointly pocket from the total selling price of cigarettes. With 25% income tax — the straight sales, excise, etc., this is over 50% of selling price.
- 2) decide that:
 - (a) You are far more capable of spending your hard-earned money wisely than politicians and civil servants who believe it falls from heaven.
 - (b) it is crazy to pay voluntary taxes in addition to unavoidable ones.
(This decision gets one sufficiently mad to provide the necessary one-shot incentive to make a break in the smoking habit.)
- 3) Stop smoking. (This does require a little guts or intelligence.)
- 4) Each evening, record one's savings for the day and put the cash in a box. Bank it once a month in a special account. Invest periodically in securities that appreciate rather than yielding income at which H.M. tax vulture can nibble. (This is a follow-up on (2) in order to keep one mad and not smoking.)

*Anonymous,
Ottawa,
Ontario.*

73. *Call the vet!*

I would get up in the morning, smoke three or four smokes before breakfast. Light up a cigar. One morning in the summer the lady next door asked me to *call the*



vet for that dog's cough. I told her that I had no dog; it was me. My wife heard her and she said "You better quit smoking". So the next morning I lit a cigar, went to the bathroom to shave with a cigar in my mouth, and cut myself. That was it, no more cigars. Then one of my best hockey players died of lung cancer. He was a heavy smoker so I quit just like that, 10 years ago.

*Art Marshall — Trainer,
Allan Cup Senior Hockey Champions, 1950.
Toronto Marlboros, Memorial Cup.
1953-54-55-56.
Toronto, Ontario.*

SNAPSHOTS



74. *Wives especially*

I don't remember any real pain while quitting except when I was having a beer or got a whiff of a cigarette someone had just lit up. The increase of appetite was beautiful but I'm still conscious of diet and must eat meals that don't sock on enormous calories. Otherwise there would be no room left for beer.

My weight is still a minor problem but not so the cigarette. Tell everyone who is quitting to brag like hell. I nearly gave up because my family didn't notice I had quit. *Tell all families, wives especially, to praise their husband to the sky if they know he is kicking the habit.* No one ever forgets the pleasure of a good smoke so it is a never-ending battle.

*Jim Kraemer,
Oshawa,
Ontario.*

75. *It's not easy but —*

I didn't belong to the fortunate group of people who found it easy to give up smoking. Even now, after more than five years of not smoking. I occasionally have moments of longing for something, not necessarily a smoke, but something to go with a drink or a glass of beer or to finish a nice meal. Don't misunderstand me; I'll never willingly start smoking again.

*H. Radecki,
West Hill,
Ontario.*

76. *Watch the urge*

For about two or three years after "quitting" I had to watch myself because the "urge" was still there *mentally and physically*. Mentally it's still there after 15 years. When I think about it, like now, I can feel the

tightness of my midriff and my lungs. Even after 2-3 years, when someone passes by smoking a cigar, the fumes still send me.

*Ernie Hallatt,
Winnipeg,
Manitoba.*

77. *Pride before the weed*

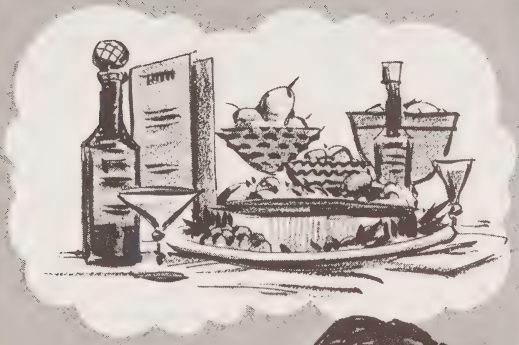
In February 1967 I made a bet with a friend. The idea was that we would both quit smoking, the first to renege would have to buy the other a big steak dinner including wines and after-dinner liqueurs. Now, more than two years later neither of us has collected. It appears that the system works because it puts your pride before your craving for the weed.

*R. G. Nightingale,
Owen Sound,
Ontario.*

78. *Linger longer*

To get support, talk about your experiences. No doubt you will be a bore. Some will ridicule you, others will admire you, while still others will bless the day you decided to quit smoking hoping you will be with them longer.

*Gordon W. Dawkins,
Waterloo,
Ontario.*



How this book began

In April 1969, in an advertisement in the three Ottawa daily papers, the Department of National Health and Welfare invited anyone who had broken the cigarette habit — and stayed “off” for the previous six months — to describe the experience in writing. There is no single system for achieving success and there are as many approaches to quitting smoking as there are variations in human nature. We hoped that a booklet which contained 20 or so case histories, as widely diversified as possible, would provide other smokers with clues that would help them.

The advertisement became a national news item and the Ottawa sample was augmented by several hundred personal accounts from across the country. Seven months after we received the first contribution to this book occasional new ones were still reaching the editors. Until that time no final selections had been made. On December 19, 1969 we sent out letters to 78 contributors asking if they wished their accounts to appear over their signatures. Sixty-eight signed their letters, six preferred anonymity and four had moved without adequate forwarding addresses. These four are reproduced unsigned.

The original plan to quickly select and print 20 brief accounts was revised as the manuscripts were read and studied. Each reflected an honest struggle and provided a practical record of victory in a complex conflict. Often in unexpected places, some phrases, sentence or paragraph brought a unique illumination.

In a few instances we have reproduced complete accounts to retain the drama implicit in practically every account, but in the main, shorter excerpts provided a pattern of attitude, motivation and method.

There is not only unlimited variety in method, there are many instances of direct contradiction. Many support the “cold turkey” approach but as many recommend tapering off or “taking it a day at a time”. Almost equally divided are those who keep quiet about their decision to quit and those who insist that sure success comes from many witnesses.

Will power is frequently named as the moving force but many champions of reason declare that "There is no such thing as will power". Chain smokers record almost immediate and complete escape once the decision has been made yet others, whose dependence seemed minimal, report that after several years as non-smokers, they remain just one step ahead of relapse.

More clearly defined are the forces that brought each writer to the point when he decided, "I must, I can and I will". They are predominately — (1) rebellion against the humiliation of being controlled by a habit; (2) concern for his own health or that of others; (3) a determination to use the money involved to more satisfying ends.

Many here trace the different streams of thought and experience which carried them to decisive action. Some believe it required only a single moment of revelation, insecurity or indignation to trigger their resolve.

But on one point all agreed — the rewards of quitting are sweet. These men and women asserted their independence from a complex and dangerous habit, and in so doing, protected themselves and their families.

Contributors

Motivation

1. *Stumped for an answer*
W. M. Prentice, Toronto.
2. *What kind of a man*
A. E. Jones, Toronto.
3. *Some kind of a gimmick*
J. M. Knowles, Ottawa.
4. *The end of the hat*
Mrs. C. Dunlop, Ottawa.
5. *Born of circumstances*
Anonymous, Victoria, B.C.
6. *Keep temptation away*
W. R. Livingston, London, Ont.
7. *Pleasure and "Pleasure"*
F. F. Laronde, Ladder Lake, Ont.
8. *Hacking — like a TB ward*
T. L. Williams, Windsor, Ont.
9. *Playing with fire*
A. G. Sharp, Binbrook, Ont.
10. *Go ahead. They're your lungs*
G. E. Davies, Ottawa.
11. *The parting gift*
A. R. Tilson, Mississauga, Ont.
12. *Smell sweet spring*
D. L. Bergey, Toronto.
13. *Mutual silent consent*
Mrs. M. Syring, Lac du Bonnet, Man.
14. *The benefits come quickly*
H. M. Coulter, Ottawa.

Method

15. *Counterattack the habit ! !*
J. P. Gates, Toronto.
16. *The match trick*
E. Junnila, Willowdale, Ont.

17. *A housewife plans a campaign*
Mrs. C. Pope, Caledon East, Ont.
18. *Fighting a ritual*
J. T. Gray, Toronto.
19. *Dave Brown's one man army*
D. Brown, Ottawa.
20. *Day by day: a smoker's diary*
J. J. Kaposi, Willowdale, Ont.
21. *Two round stones*
Mrs. E. Godley, West Vancouver, B.C.
22. *Never light up*
Anonymous, St. John, N.B.
23. *Be alive while you live*
Mrs. V. King, St. Catharines, Ont.
24. *The security blanket*
G. B. Thompson, Oakville, Ont.
25. *The Wray way*
R. Wray, Owen Sound, Ont.

Self respect

26. *Bread or butts*
R. P. Riendeau, Preville; Que.
27. *Who is stronger? The cigarette or me?*
Mrs. J. G., Ottawa.
28. *Slow suicide*
Anonymous, Toronto.
29. *You make me sick!*
M. J. Labine, Kirkland Lake, Ont.
30. *I simply quit*
V. De Vita, Toronto.
31. *The fire and the fool*
W. Walburn, Toronto.
32. *Not martyrdom*
R. Inglis, Brockville, Ont.

Parental Responsibility

33. *Madonna*
Mrs. N. W. Mason, Arnprior, Ont.

34. *Fully and absolutely*
G. Richardson, Hamilton, Ont.
35. *Angel's lips/satan's lips*
T. Umezuki, Toronto.
36. *Our son's pride*
Mrs. J. Chaplin, Scarborough, Ont.
37. *Change the brain's programming*
Mrs. M. Pouzar, Scarborough, Ont.

Philosophy and faith

38. *A sense of peace*
Anonymous, Ottawa.
39. *One day at a time*
J. G. Collinson, Q.C., Hamilton, Ont.
40. *Inner trip*
I. Miles, Scarborough, Ont.
41. *Save you — save a family*
W. J. Murray, Midland, Ont.
42. *See yourself as a non-smoker*
Anonymous, Sarnia, Ont.
43. *Break a leg! Break a habit*
L. R. Digby, Merrickville, Ont.
44. *Recipe for "kick-the-habit" stew*
J. Hinde, Toronto.

Health considerations

45. *It's the cigarette you want*
Mrs. R. Semple, Hamilton, Ont.
46. *The real McCoy*
Mrs. D. Eddy, Milnes Landing, B.C.
47. *Anytime I wanted*
G. E. N., Peterborough, Ont.
48. *Each day — another milestone*
Mrs. M. Ready, Burlington, Ont.
49. *End the agony — Quit!*
Mrs. V. K. Levine, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Cold turkey or cut down and taper off

50. *"Galloway: Tonight you stop"*
S. Galloway, Colonel, Retired, Ottawa.
51. *Breath of a salesman*
R. B. King, Willowdale, Ont.
52. *One thing a smoker doesn't need*
H. A. Brooker, Willowdale, Ont.
53. *Each victory will help you*
J. J. Bocskei, Welland, Ont.
54. *The hardest thing —*
Mrs. H. Tucque, Edmonton, Alta.
55. *Just say "I don't smoke"!*
G. Sinclair, Montreal, Que.
56. *The R.F.C. flies again*
N. B. Scott, Union, Ont.
57. *Quit smoking? Forever?*
Anonymous, Carleton Place, Ont.
58. *I wasn't enjoying the taste*
Mrs. E. M. Smith, Ottawa.
59. *Try 'em stale*
R. C. Garden, Toronto.
60. *The last word*
J. B. Charters, Alliston, Ont.
61. *My master — the weed*
J. Hilton, Toronto.
62. *Smokers anonymous*
M. O. Messenger, Islington, Ont.
63. *Without them, I'm living*
L. Richardson, Toronto.

Substitutes

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C. F. A. Graham, St. John, N.B.
65. *Merv's fruit "kick"*
M. J. Hunchak, Ottawa.
66. *On April Fool's Day*
J. Marr, West Shore, Ajax, Ont.

67. *Prove it!*

N. M. Keeling, Lund, B.C.

68. *Knit one, purl two, smoke zero*

V. M. Weeks, Islington, Ont.

Heroic measures

69. *Nicotine "poisoning"*

Anonymous, Toronto.

70. *Saturation*

L. Podley, Toronto.

71. *A bitter tonic*

Collin B. Mooney, Victoria, B.C.

72. *Think of the money!*

Anonymous, Ottawa.

73. *Call the vet!*

A. Marshall, Toronto.

Snapshots

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Postscript

